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THE

ACTRESS OF FORTUNE,

AND THE BALLET GIRL:

OR,

THE PRICE OF VIRTUE

WITH A SECRET LEAGUE.

A Tale of Crime and Criminals.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY H. T. ROGERS, ESQ.,

Author of "The Invisible Thief," &c

CHAPTER XV.

Burroughs Visits Jessie Again—Waywardness—Actresses Seen Through Spectacles—Not right in the Head—Temple "Bleeds" Burroughs—Six! You Said Five—An Oath in Writing—Temple Conducts Jessie to a Private Asylum.

So Mr. Temple had made Mrs. Burroughs aware that her husband was detaining Jessie Mances in his own apartments. That evening, the grocer—plucking up a little resolution—determined to see his fair prisoner again, and make a third attempt to soften her obdurate heart. He had been with her in the morning, but she only laughed at his pitiful entreaties, and, good humoredly, threatened to stab him. He did not like such playful demonstrations, and quickly left her to herself, carrying away with him the conviction that she was indeed a fearful and bloodthirsty creature. Now, he stole tremblingly along the passage, and listened more than two minutes at her chamber door before he undid the fastenings.

"Let me in, Miss Mances," he said.

"The door is unlocked; I was expecting you."

When he entered, she was stretched on a lounge, doing nothing.

"Good evening," she said gaily, "I was beginning to feel lonesome; how the wind roars without; it must be an awful night."

This was decidedly an improvement on her former receptions of him, and Mr. Burroughs was, accordingly, well pleased.

"I have come," he began, "to renew the offers I made you this morning."

"There," answered Jessie, in a complaining voice, "you are commencing to annoy me again. Can I never be at peace? A moment since, I felt willing to stay here as long as you'd let me; don't speak of love; it seems like a mockery."

"But, Miss Mances—"

"I'm engaged to be married, too."

"Oh! curse your marriage. How could your lover find out that we—"

"I don't know, but he would find it out. How would you feel if suddenly informed that Mrs. Burroughs was no better than she should be?"

"Pshaw! nobody would become enamored of such a fright as she is. If any one did, I would be obliged to him, for it would enable me to obtain a divorce."

"Poor Mrs. Burroughs! I pity her."

"Ah! if you would only pity poor *Mr.* Burroughs!"

"Ha! ha! ha! what a comical face you can put on when you like. Do it again—*do!*"

But the old voluptuary wouldn't do it again, not even to please her.

"You should be on the stage," continued Jessie.

These words brought Mr. Temple to the grocer's mind, and he thought the present would be a good opportunity for finding out something concerning the tragedian's habits of life, and, if possible, the reason why he visited Mrs. Burroughs so frequently.

"Acting is a rather singular way of making a living, ain't it?" he said.

"Singular! how so?"

"Well, I mean that you must witness odd scenes going on; women rather dissolute; men ditto—you understand."

"The women dissolute! you know little about them, Mr. Burroughs, to say so."

"Oh! that's all very well do defend your own profession, but, between ourselves, you must admit that the stage is a regular 'school for scandal.'"

"Indeed I can admit no such thing. There are females in theatrical life whom poverty may urge into evil paths, but immorality is the exception among them, not the rule. The generality of those who denounce the evil influences of the Drama, are much like yourself—too wicked themselves to believe in the virtue of others."

"Well, I won't argue with a lady; but, if actresses are at first immaculate, their salaries are too small to let them remain so."

"Yes, the salaries *are* small."

"I suppose this Mr. Temple grinds them down dreadfully"

"Oh! he's not the worst in the world; he has been unfortunate."

"He gives lessons in elocution, don't he?"

"Sometimes, when he's well paid for it"

"So I thought. Do you know, Miss Mances, that I am sorry I ever brought you to this house?"

"I don't regret it at all. I am something of a fatalist, and believe that every action of our lives is mapped out long before we are born; so, I can be as happy here as anywhere else; it is my destiny."

During his three interviews with Jessie Mances, the grocer had been much occupied in his efforts to comprehend the strange and fitful manner in which she demeaned herself; at times, she was sad and sullen; again, merry and playful; now, her discourse was sensible and to the point; the next moment broken and disconnected.

"You'll excuse me for saying so," he resumed, "but, were I not aware of the contrary, I would think your mind was a little out of order."

She made no answer, but gazed at him fixedly.

We may as well say at once that Mr. Burroughs was not far from the truth. The revelation of Betty Carter had greatly depressed her spirits, and the brain, by brooding over it, gradually became affected. Even before she was dragged into the carriage by Swain, this deplorable state of mind had existed. It was not wholly by her language that the grocer detected her condition, but also by the inconsistency of her actions. Insanity shows itself under so many forms, that those most familiar with its victims often fail to discover in what the madness actually consists: one man fancies himself to be a king, but, with the exception of this hallucination, he is perfectly sane; a second imagines that an army is encamped in his stomach; a third that he is without a head; speak with either of the three on subjects not connected with their peculiar maladies, and the probability is that you will find them well informed and intelligent.

So, Jessie Mances could talk calmly and collectedly as long as no allusion was made to Frank Benson; but when the horrible thought that he was her brother crossed her mind, reason fled and imbecility usurped its seat. One of the most entertaining men we have ever known, was the inmate of a lunatic asylum; his politeness was positively embarrassing; he would talk politics by the hour with more clearness and sagacity than politicians themselves; told amusing incidents of people with whom he had mingled, but, nevertheless was firmly convinced that he was always perched on horseback, and could never get down from the saddle. Thousands of maniacs live and die around us, nobody suspecting their insanity.

La Fontaine tells of a man with whom he had long held friendly relations, and of whose judgment he had the highest opinion. This individual had in his house a room which he never permitted any one to enter; at his death, it was found that the floor of this apartment was studded with nails, and, among his papers, was a document which declared that Satan had promised to let him live forever, on the condition that he drove in two nails every morning of his life.

Thomas now entered the room to tell his master that Mr. Temple wanted to see him.

"This is one of my wife's whims, perhaps, but I'll soon send him about his business; you stay here," he whispered, "I'm afraid the young woman is not altogether right."

"Indeed! I've heard of such things," replied Thomas.

On reaching the parlor, Mr. Burroughs found the manager reclining in a cushioned arm-chair, and rocking himself to and fro, as if perfectly at his ease. His countenance, however, was cold and stern, and he bowed to the grocer with the most frigid politeness. Mr. Burroughs, as may be imagined, was in no humor for useless ceremony, so taking no notice of the tragedian's grave deportment, he begged to be informed why Mr. Temple had called.

"You see before you, sir, a man who is grieved to the very soul—overwhelmed with grief, when he reflects upon the ungrateful task he has undertaken."

"I trust you will be as brief as possible, for I have no time to spare."

"Then sir, you must know that a young lady, belonging to the company which I have the honor to manage, has been spirited away, and—"

"What is all this to me?" demanded Mr. Burroughs, commencing to feel very uncomfortable."

"A great deal, a great deal."

"You do not mean to imply that I have laid hands upon the missing girl?"

"I can prove that you did."

"A good joke, indeed; but I'm not to be bullied in my own house."

"Far be it from me to bully you, Mr. Burroughs; I am here to protect you from those who have sworn vengeance against you."

"Very kind on your part, but the law will protect me."

"What would the world say if it heard that you were one of the greatest scoundrels in New York? one who pays unprincipled villains to tear innocent maidens from their homes, in order to satisfy your unholy lust?"

Mr. Temple was quoting from a blood and thunder melodrama.

"Think of the sensation it would create; dream on it—the announcement in the morning journals—the big type—the crowds gathering on every corner—your name bandied about as that of a man worthy the contempt of every honest mind. Can you face all this, Mr. Burroughs?"

"I do not quite understand you," said the grocer, in a feeble voice.

"Two men, acting under your directions, set upon Miss Mances and her old nurse, and the former was brought here—here—to this very house. Ah! you grow pale and tremble. Perhaps, if I shout out, she will answer me; or"—rising to his feet—"it may be better to ask your wife to assist me in the search."

The tragedian delivered these words in his most majestic style, as if he were bearding some false hearted duke in his own palace.

"Stay!" exclaimed Mr. Burroughs; "how can you prove—"

"Proof! I can give you oceans of proof. One of my friends, an humble one, it is true, revealed the facts to me this very day; he traced the carriage, and is willing at any moment to go before the king—I mean a magistrate. But why show you any leniency? It is my duty, as a citizen and a man, to give you into custody at once."

"No, no, Mr. Temple; I have not harmed the girl—indeed, indeed, I have not."

"That assurance will not satisfy her friends," said the manager, moodily; "and I question whether my conscience will permit me to gloss over this enormous crime."

"Be not too hasty; any reparation that I—"

"Well," and Mr. Temple seemed to reflect, "if you manifest due contrition for this outrage, I may be able to save you from the grasp of the law. But it will be difficult and will cost money."

"How much? five hundred dollars?—a thousand?"

"That would not be enough. A jury would give Miss Mances ten thousand. Draw out a cheque for five—the half of what she is entitled to—and this affair shall be buried in oblivion."

"Five thousand dollars! it is a fortune."

"As you please. *I* would rather have you imprisoned for life, or perhaps hanged. There is another charge against you—*murder*."

"Murder!"

"Yes—the woman who was with Miss Mances has not returned to her lodgings, and it is likely that she has been put out of the way to prevent her from bearing evidence that would convict you"

"My God! I know not what to do."

"You are in a tight place; choose at once; six thousand dollars, or—"

"You said five."

"Six."

"Enough! I will pay the amount, but promise that I shall not be annoyed for the future."

"I solemnly promise that you will not. But there is a statement which you must sign. Miss Mances is on the point of marriage with a young man of the highest respectability, and, for his personal satisfaction that she is pure and unstained, you must deliver to me an ackowledgment to that effect."

"But that would leave me entirely at the mercy of this man—he might persecute me at any time"

"He will merely read the confession, and then it shall be destroyed."

"This is very exacting."

There was no help for it, however, and Mr. Burroughs went to his library, and drew up all the papers the tragedian required.

"This matter must never come to the ears of my wife," he said.

"Rest easy on that score."

"Might I ask, Mr. Temple, why you visit her so often?"

"I will answer you with pleasure. Your wife wished a few lessons in elocution; I was under the impression that you knew this before."

"No, I did not. And now, sir, let me enquire if it ever struck you that Miss Mances was of unsound mind?"

"Never."

"Well, her actions are very strange, as you will presently perceive. Her friends may call it eccentricity."

The gentlemen rose, and proceeded to the apartment in which Jessie was confined.

"Has she made any movement since?" questioned Mr. Burroughs.

"No, sir," said Thomas, "she's been perfectly quiet."

As Thomas spoke, he stared at the tragedian, seemingly undetermined whether to treat him as an ally or an enemy.

Miss Mances evinced no unusual emotion at sight of Mr. Temple; she received him unconcernedly, and without remark.

"Come, Jessie," he said, "you are free to go with me."

She got up languidly from her chair, put on her things, and, giving a last look about the place, followed him into the corridor; she walked like one in a dream, apparently indifferent to what was done with her.

A hackney coach was standing in the street, into which Temple assisted her, and, after saying something to the driver, got in himself. They drove away in the direction of the suburbs, and, when the vehicle stopped, it was before a large wooden building, surrounded by trees; in summer, their foliage might have hidden it from the road, but now, it was easily seen between the leafless branches, and looked bare and desolate enough.

Temple and his charge were presently at the main entrance; the manager sounded the old fashioned door-knocker, ornamented with a lion's head, and in a minute after, they were in a large parlor, well lighted and furnished. An elderly gentleman came in; he was tall, and of a benevolent aspect. Mr. Temple, who seemed to have had a previous acquaintance with him, introduced Jessie Mances. The old man spoke kindly to her, and rang a small bell which was standing on the table. A stout, motherly-looking woman, whose face would have been a favorable recommendation anywhere, responded to the summons. At a sign from the physician—for such he was—she led Jessie, unresistingly, from the room.

"Well, said Temple, "what do you think of her?"

"It's not a bad case; she'll be herself again in a week. Something has greatly excited her, has it not?"

"Yes. Do everything you can, and your recompense will be liberal, I will come every day to see her, until she gets well"

Then, Mr. Temple departed, leaving Jessie Mances in the private mad-house.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Where Shall the Weary Rest?"—Major Ward as Good as New—I Tell it as Told Me—Intrigue to Destroy Maxwell—"Mr. Smith," and the Duel. Unravelled—Maxwell's Plan to Go to his Plantation with Henrietta—Stephens' Plan to go to New York with Her, One Day Sooner—Henley "Sees the Major Home"—Play—$100 vs the Letter—The Quarrel—The Death Blow—The Major's Perplexity—Terrible But Firm Resolution—Fearful Ruse—Discovered—Another Murder—Another Fiendish Ruse—Off for New York.

On the night after the last meeting between Major Ward and Mr. Maxwell—on which occasion the gallant officer had refused to peril his life by carrying out their engagements—Henrietta and her protector had a long talk over the affair, but neither seemed to regard it in the same light. Maxwell was overflowing with rage at the unparalleled littleness of spirit displayed by his friend, the Major; while Miss Lyon declared that Ward had conducted himself like a very sensible man, indeed.

"The fellow actually turns round and laughs at me," said Maxwell, "after pocketing my money; curses on him!—but I'll be even with him yet."

"What do you intend to do? fight Stephens yourself?"

"No, I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of—"

'Killing you? Right—he don't deserve it."

"Speak seriously, Henrietta. I have enough to harass and worry me without being subjected to your thoughtless witticisms."

"Oh! I can be as staid and grave as a judge, if that will please you."

"Pshaw! let us have no more trifling. By the manner in which you speak, one might almost imagine you were delighted by the treacherous behavior of Major Ward."

"Delighted! on the contrary, I never felt so miserably dull in my life; I'm worn out with these squabbles, and wish to fly away from them at once. I won't stoo another week in Savannah."

"Perhaps it is better you should go somewhere else, and I will go with you."

"Where?" enquired the lady, hastily.

"What do you say to the country?"

"I hate the country."

"Just so; you hate the country, and you hate the city; I m very sorry that I can't manufacture some region that you would not hate; some spot that undergoes an entire change of aspect every day, and where you might never pine for variety."

"Such a retreat would be indeed delicious."

"But, as it is impossible to find this earthly paradise, it would be wiser to remain content with what we have, than to indulge in useless longings. The best thing you can do, in my opinion, is to come down and stay on the plantation for a few weeks."

"The plantation!"

"Yes. There's nobody there but the overseer and the negroes, and you might bring one of the girls with you, if you wished it."

"As for negroes, I see plenty of them here; and I can very well believe that the overseer is not much of a curiosity. However, as there is nothing better to be had, I may as well accept your proposition."

"You will like the place well enough when you get there," said Maxwell.

"Heigho! it's a pity you don't live in New York, where one always knows what to do with ones self. For my part, I'd rather be peering out of my father's store at the crewd, uninteresting as that occupation once was, than rusting away here in solitary splendor."

"Not *solitary* splendor."

"Yes, it is solitary; even in this house I feel lonely; it seems to me that there is not a being here I can confide in."

"Well," replied Maxwell, looking rather irritated, "you are certainly one of the most singular creatures that ever sported with a man's affections. I can't understand you."

"And no wonder; I can scarcely understand myself."

At this point, Mr. Simpson ushered in the redoubtable Major Ward himself. He was arrayed in his most fashionable garb, and his face was radiant with good natured smiles. The negro bowed him in with unwonted civility, for the Major, being flush, had just insinuated a dollar into his hand at the front door, and Mr. Simpson knew the value of a dollar as well as if he had been a white man.

Although Major Ward was perfectly cognizant of the fact that Henrietta was under the protection of Maxwell, and that Maxwell's money had bought the house she lived in, he chose to appear ignorant of it on this occasion, and, overlooking altogether the presence of that gentleman, complimented her with all the confidence of a favored admirer.

"Upon my soul, madam, you are looking as rosy as the sun, and as fresh as a lily in the early morning!"

After which poetical simile, he glared fiercely at her companion, as if waiting to see if that individual would have the hardihood to dispute his assertion. The latter, however, bestowing on him only a cold nod, rose from his seat, and quitted the house—but not before he had whispered something in the ear of Mr. Simpson, which caused that dusky person to place his finger on his nose, and grin cunningly.

The Major seated himself beside Henrietta, pulled up his shirt collar, and observed that Maxwell seemed somewhat out of sorts.

"So he does," she answered.

"Ah!" continued Ward, "there may be some truth in the rumor, although I can hardly bring myself to believe it."

"What rumor?"

"Well, well; riches can't last for ever, you know—at least, I know it; touch and go—now we have them, now we don't have them. He was so generous, too; so, so—it was only yesterday he accommodated me with a couple of hundreds, and—but where's the good of talking about it?"

"To what do you refer?" asked Henrietta, unable to discover any light in this curious jumble of words.

Now, the Major had been searching his brain for some method of advancing the cause of his friend, Stephens, and finally concluded that the best way to do it, would be to inform Henrietta—cautiously, of course—that Maxwell was on his last legs—ruined by his extravagance—cleaned out. He felt confident that no woman could see anything attractive in a beggar, and calculated that she would take the alarm at once, and give her lover the slip.

This was a shrewd invention of his, for although the Jewess was not at all of a mercenary or avaricious character, she would be naturally dismayed at the prospect of living with a gentleman who could not maintain her respectability.

"Then, you have not heard of it?" he said, in answer to her question. "I met Mr. Russell down the street, and he was bubbling over with the news; the town talks of nothing else."

This was nearly correct, for the Major had been careful to hint the possibility of Maxwell's bankruptcy to various acquaintances, and, the thing spreading rapidly from mouth to mouth, all the fast men in Savannah were now commenting on it. At the same time, Ward had managed *so cleverly that it would be impossible to trace* the matter to him, and not two people in the city suspected him of originating the report; *he* was not responsible for it—he merely "told it as 'twas told to him."

"I really do not catch your meaning," resumed Henrietta; "what is the town so greatly stirred about?"

"It's strange you should be the last to hear it; but as such is the case, I might act prudently by remaining silent; that is, if 'remaining silent' can be called an 'act' at all."

But Miss Lyon's curiosity was now aroused

"Come, Major, I insist upon having the whole story, whatever it is. There's a good soul."

"Well, if you must, they *do* say that Maxwell is—"

"That Maxwell is—"

"Or, rather, Maxwell is not—"

"Maxwell is not—"

"Worth a d—n—excuse me—worth a copper. But, of course, it's all gammon—moonshine; got up by some enemy of his. I am only repeating what I heard, and, upon my life! I don't think I place any reliance on the tale—it's too absurd."

The Jewess sat silently gazing into Ward's face, appalled by this intelligence. Unscrupulous as he was, she did not believe him capable of starting such a calumny, for there was something open about the Major, after all, and he seldom took unfair advantage of an opponent, unless over the green cloth.

"Who—who says this?" she faltered at length.

"Everybody; but it may be only a baseless rumor; if it were true, he would have left the city long ago."

Ward unconsciously made a "ten strike" with these words. It suddenly occurred to Henrietta that Maxwell, just before the Major came in, had proposed going to his plantation; and, remembering that the previous day he had been unwilling to go anywhere, she became convinced that the change was wrought—not by any desire of obliging her—but by his altered circumstances. Perceiving that she was ruminating deeply on what he had communicated, the Major gave a tug at his shirt collar, and watched her closely out of the corner of his eye.

"Does Mr. Henley know this?" ventured Henrietta.

"Very likely."

"He made no mention of it to me this afternoon."

"Hem! Perhaps not, perhaps not; I may have been wrong myself in broaching such a melancholy topic to a lady; but you persuaded me to it. Then, Henley is Maxwell's most intimate friend, and would not like to see his credit blasted; in fact, it is generally understood that Henley's own prosperity depends in a great measure on Maxwell's. He is careless in monetary affairs—gambles a little—and would quickly go to the dogs, were it not for his friend's sustaining generosity."

"True, true; it is his interest to be silent."

"To be sure it is."

"I am really terrified at what you have said."

"Then I can never sufficiently reproach myself for having said it; I wouldn't terrify you for the world."

And the Major violently jerked up his collar, as if *it* were the sole cause of Miss Lyon's tribulation.

"You are aware," she resumed, "of the position I hold towards Mr. Maxwell."

The Major pricked up his ears, and said he believed he was. Something important was coming, he felt certain.

"I need not detail the circumstances which brought us together; but I may tell you, in confidence, that I have not been completely happy with him; nature never intended us for each other."

"Indeed, it is unfortunate that a woman of your lively disposition should be tied down to such a slow going coach as Maxwell; he's behind the age. Now, I ask you, in the name of common sense, what man except himself would fritter away the best years of his life in this joyless locality? It's shameful, perfectly shameful; and you are a fool for putting up with it. No other woman would."

Henrietta's beauty had some effect even on the icy heart of Major Ward, and I have but little hesitation in saying, that, if he fancied she would follow his fortunes, he would have sent the cause of his friend, Stephens, to the devil, and eloped with the Jewess himself.

"No," he went on, "Maxwell is not at all suited for you. You want a man of genius, one who could turn your loveliness to account. Only think what such a person could do. There are a thousand amorous old gentlemen, wealthy and respected, whose purses could be captured by good generalship; a thousand birds to be plucked of golden feathers. A fortune awaits you, and yet, you linger here—dallying with such a soft-pated noodle as Maxwell. Really, it makes me sad."

"I have no doubt, Major, but your knowledge of the world is profound, and I am sure there is a great deal in what you say, but I have not the least inclination to pursue the path you point out"

These words were enunciated so coldly—almost sternly—that Ward saw at once that Henrietta understood his drift, and would not link her fate with his.

So, it being impossible to do anything more for himself, he became again alive to the interests of Stephens.

"By the way," said the Jewess, "Maxwell was telling me something of a duel in which you were involved; what was it all about?"

"It may be related in very few words; your friend wanted me to kill a Mr. Smith—he was here the other night—and I consented to do it, but afterwards learned from a sure source that Smith was a regular fire-eater, and, as I valued my life more than Maxwell's friendship—you comprehend."

"Come, come, Major, the explanation won't do. A man of your bravery would never back out after a challenge had been sent."

"Ha! ha! you're right there; no matter from what source my courage is derived, no man ever had cause to doubt it. To be frank with you, this Smith is an old friend of mine, and one to whom I am under a great many obligations. To prove this, I will inform you that his real name is Stephens"

Ward knew perfectly well that Henrietta was aware of it.

"But circumstances," he resumed, "render a *nom de guerre* necessary at present."

"Would you be greatly surprised," asked the Jewess, "to hear that I also am acquainted with Mr. Stephens?"

"You can't mean it!" and the Major endeavored to assume an air of astonishment.

"Yes, I am—he is an old lover of mine."

"Well, now, that's singular. But he's a very fine man too, is Stephens, and uncommonly sharp. If I might be so bold as to enquire, what was the cause of your separation?"

"Oh! it was all my caprice, and I have regretted it since. He would have done anything to please me, and he must be very rich."

"Rich!" shouted the Major; "I believe he is; he's one of the solid men of New York."

Henrietta laughed.

"Not that I care about wealth," she added, "but I had really a liking for him at first, although I scarcely knew it myself. He must like me also, for it is my impression that he visited Savannah only with the purpose of inducing me to return with him."

"What unheard of devotion!"

"If I determined to go back to New York, might I rely on your assistance?"

"Undoubtedly; that is, for a consideration."

Ward did not want to seem too anxious to serve her in this respect.

"Fear nothing, you will be well repaid."

"Then, madame, I am entirely at your disposal."

We have stated that Maxwell, in retiring from the house, made some communication to Mr. Simpson. As the sequel proved, this was to instruct the negro to keep a sharp eye on the Major and Henrietta, and if possible, to overhear their conversation. Simpson had belonged to Maxwell since his infancy, and, being wholly devoted to his master's influence, lost no time in obeying his command. The front and back parlors were separated by folding doors, which were now closed, and Miss Lyon and her companion were placed in their immediate vicinity. The discourse was interesting, and carried on in a louder key than prudence might have warranted, so that the negro, having crept into the back parlor, had little difficulty in hearing all that was said between them.

"We understand each other," continued the Jewess, "I will return to New York with Stephens whenever he is ready."

"Trust everything to me. The Alabama leaves to-morrow; would that he too soon?"

"No! the sooner, the better; and I will put off Maxwell by fixing the journey to his plantation for the day after."

"Very good," and the Major took his leave, with innumerable bows.

Mr. Simpson hurried away from his hiding place, and was just in time to see the gallant officer going down the stoop.

Half an hour later, Maxwell returned to the house, and an ironical smile rested on his countenance as the negro imparted to him the result of the interview between Ward and Henrietta.

"I am ruined, am I?" he hissed between his teeth, "and she would run away to escape the crash. They don't know the man they are dealing with, for if Stephens quits Savannah in less than a month, I will be willing to be called an idiot for the remainder of my life."

The Major made his way to the Pulaski at once, and the joy of Stephens was unbounded when advised of Henrietta's decision. Preparations were instantly set on foot for the voyage home.

This was Ward's last night in Savannah, and, before deserting the place for ever, he felt inclined to have a few words with old friends; accordingly, he parted from Stephens about eleven o'clock, and betook himself to Russell's gambling saloon. Russell and he had long played into each other's hands, and they were bound together by such ties as generally connect men who build their fortunes upon the credulity and weakness of their fellow-creatures. Ward had been very successful in "roping in" victims for the establishment, and the proprietor was consequently much *grieved* at his approaching departure for New York; the Major, however, greatly abated his sorrowful feelings by solemnly promising to recommend "Russell's" as the most comfortable resort on earth for the purpose of winning or losing money.

As Ward was walking from the "hell," Mr. Henley unexpectedly seized him by the arm, saying, in a voice slightly affected by wine:

"Hello! old fellow, where are you bound for?"

"Home," replied the Major briefly.

"I'll go with you."

Ward was about to request Henley to postpone his visit until some other time, but an idea suddenly crossed him, and he drew Henley's arm within his own.

"He has probably plenty of cash with him," thought the Major; "and if I can relieve him of it, with the aid of the cards, it will do no harm, and keep him from forgetting me hereafter."

With this commendable intention, he led Henley to the hotel, and they were soon facing each other, with a large black bottle, which was always well filled, ready to do its share in "skinning" the victim.

The Major drew a well-thumbed pack from his drawer, and asked his guest what it would be. A stake was planked down, and they were soon deeply engaged in the game—shuffling and cutting, dealing and drinking.

Henley had been fortunate at "Russell's," and his pile was a pretty big one, but it melted away before the tactics of the Major, even as the Old Guard, at Waterloo, melted before the fire of the English batteries. Finally, like another Napoleon, he gazed to the right and to the left, vainly looking for something that might redeem his losses; he tried first in one pocket, then in another, but not even a Mexican quarter rewarded the search. He had been drinking pretty hard, and was on the verge of intoxication.

"Say, Major, lend me—hic—fifty, and we'll begin again?"

But the Major wouldn't lend him fifty, nor would he begin again.

"Let us go to bed," suggested that philanthropic individual "you won't be able to go home to-night."

"No, that won't do. Come, let's play—hic—just to pass the time."

Henley was rapidly getting worse, and commenced to sing, so that Ward, fearful the landlord would come up, resolved to humor him until he was inclined to sleep.

"Come," he said, "we will play—have you nothing you can bet?—think?"

"No, not a cent."

"I don't mean money; you may own something as valuable—a house, a mistress, a gun—anything to accommodate you."

"I've got a mistress, but she ain't—hic—worth playing for; besides, she'd butcher me if I lost"

"Well, there's your watch"

"No, old boy, I couldn't part with that."

"Why not?" demanded the old boy.

"It was given me by—hic—you'll say I'm foolish."

"Not at all. Who gave it to you?"

"My mother."

Then Henley seemed to fall into meditation, and became more collected in his speech.

"Curses on it!" he cried at length, "why is the past ever rising up to reproach me? *why should I think of her to-night?* Let us play, let us play."

"Very well; what for?"

"Here—but, no, I couldn't do that; and yet, it is the only thing I can think of. Fill the glass, Major."

The Major did so.

"Perhaps I'd win, too," resumed Henley; "here—I'll play you for a letter I have in my pocket; it contains something you'd great y like to know; what will you stake against it?"

"Ten dollars."

"Not enough"

"Twenty."

"No; put up a hundred."

"Perhaps, it would be of no use to me even if I won, and if lost—show it to me, at least."

Henley drew a paper from his pocket, and laid it on the table, but out of the Major a reach.

After many critical glances at it, Ward consented to put up a hundred dollars.

The game was played out, and the letter was his.

"By heaven! you shall not have it," said Henley, snatching it up.

The Major was not to be robbed of his prize with impunity. He dashed round the table, grappled with the half-intoxicated man, and they were instantly locked in a desperate struggle. Henley managed to draw a knife from his pocket, but, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts, could not bring it into play, for Ward clutched his arm with the strength and tenacity of a vise; suddenly, the Major unloosed his hold, gave his antagonist a slight push backward, and, before Henley could recover his guard, struck him a tremendous blow on the head with a heavy water pitcher that had been standing on the table.

The contest was finished; the drunkard's brain was fractured—he was dead.

There he lay, on the sofa, where he had fallen; not a quiver now shot through the form lately so full of life and vigor; there he lay, the eyes wide open, fixed in a horrible stare, and the Major's blood ran cold as his glance rested on them. He would have given anything then that the murder had not been done; but it was too late; the last ten minutes could never be recalled; already the dreadful deed was recorded in the pages of sin—registered in that volume which would one day testify against him. The consequences of the act now rushed to his mind. Henley and himself were known

to be familiar together, and were the body found in his room, his fate was sealed in this world, and the next. Flight seemed the only way to secure his safety, unless the corpse could be disposed of—borne to some place where it would never be disturbed.

But, how was he to remove it from the hotel? His apartments were on the second story, and a negro was posted every night at the bottom of the stairs; this man would have to be passed; then, he could steal down the private entrance, and open it quietly; the river flowed along within fifty yards, and Henly once engulphed in its gloomy depth, the murderer would be safe.

The watchman on the floor below was the greatest obstacle in his path; that difficulty cleared away, the rest would be comparatively easy of execution. How was the man to be avoided? He was generally vigilant, and the Major could hardly expect he would forget his duty on this particular night.

Having thus mentally surveyed the dangers that encompassed him, Ward opened the door of his room, and issued forth into the corridor, leaving Henley extended on the sofa. Creeping along to the head of the stairs, he passed cautiously down; the negro was there, wide awake, and reading a book; he was sitting in a chair, with his back towards the stair case, and occasionally his eyes roamed about from object to object. He was heavily built and powerful, and the Major knew that a revolver was always in his possession. Now, something in the book seemed to yield him intense amusement; a broad grin rippled across his features, and he could scarcely restrain himself from bursting into a fit of laughter; but people were sleeping on each side, and his hilarity had to be controlled. Had he been aware of the tragedy just enacted above, far different would have been his emotions; but it is always thus—death sits forever in our midst, and the throng is as merry and thoughtless as if life had no ending.

Again the Major returned to his apartment; he perceived the letter on the table, and read it.

"I will be unable to meet you to-night," it ran, "and have written this to say that, through the instrumentality of Simpson, I have just discovered a plan, concocted by Henrietta, and that infernal Ward, for the return of the former to New York with Stephens. But I will baulk them. Stephens shall be arrested to-morrow, before the steamer goes, on the charge of having stolen from me a sum amounting to one thousand dollars; it is true, he has not committed the theft, but this will prevent him from leaving Savannah before the case is tried, and it won't make a bit of difference, then, whether he is acquitted or not, for Henrietta will be beyond his power. Be on the wharf to-morrow. J. B. MAXWELL."

Alas! "to-morrow" never came for Henley.

After reading the letter, Ward turned off the gas. How slowly minutes rolled away; each one seemed drawn out into an age of unearthly agony. He heard a clock striking "one!" Only an hour since the murder was committed, and Henley was still lying on the sofa. The moonbeams strayed into the room, flickered to and fro upon the floor, and rested on the dead man's face. Now, the eyes, those glaring orbs, seemed to seek out the Major's countenance; he turned away, but they were still looking at him; he thought they would pursue him thus forever, like the sharp pangs of remorse, and embitter his future existence. He closed the window blinds, and the room was buried in darkness. Ward was burning hot, as if a consuming fever was wearing away his strength; he could hear his heart thumping against his bosom, his head seemed to be whirling round and round, and the floor slipping away beneath his feet. Groping around for the wash stand, he bathed his aching temples, took a long draught of water, and then, for a moment, the fever seemed to leave him; but it came back again, more violent than ever. His hand suddenly came in contact with the corpse, and he started back, shaking in every limb, while the sweat rolled in great beads down his forehead; his excited imagination persuaded him that Henley had stretched forth an arm to touch his, and, for the time, he was rendered nearly senseless with superstitious awe. At the slightest sound, he fancied that the body moved—that the breath of the murdered man was fanning his cheek. This was terrible! If he stayed there longer, it would drive him mad.

For the second time, he rushed out; the watchman was still at his post, but his face was turned towards the staircase, and, if the Major went down at all, he would have to go directly in his view. Ward was almost tempted to speak with him—to offer him gold; and, should that fail, to despatch him with the knife. But that could not be done without noise; the house once alarmed, all hope was over.

The clock struck "three" as Ward re-entered his room. How light were the strokes in reality, but each one fell like lead upon his heart.

Three hours more, and it would be day; three hours more, and a horrified group might stand beside him; then would follow the inquest, the jail, the trial, the sentence, the execution. No! rather than that, he would dash out his brains against the wall.

He might cut up the body, and conceal it in his trunk, waiting until it could be removed; but the floor would be stained; his clothes smeared with blood; he might be interrupted, perhaps, before the fearful job was completed. Then, he thought of throwing it from the window; it would be found in the morning, but suspicion *might* rest upon somebody else; it might also rest upon him. Even should he be arrested for the deed, the evidence would be entirely circumstantial, and he might finally be acquitted. Another method! he could set the hotel on fire. There would an immense loss of property, and, perhaps, of life. What cared he for that? If the negro was not asleep at four o'clock, the mansion should be burned.

Again, like a being from another world, he glided along to the corridor.

Oh! what a thrill of joy swept through his heart. The watchman was in a deep slumber; his heavy, regular breathing, could not be mistaken.

With a quick, stealthy pace, Ward sought his chamber, and raised the inanimate burden in his arms. A few minutes, and all would be decided.

All his coolness was now necessary; a single false movement, a sigh, a cough, might arouse the negro.

Soft as the falling snow were his steps; down, down he went, noiselessly; still the man slept, all unconscious of what was taking place around him.

Ward was at the bottom of the stair case, and his heart throbbed with exultation.

"Oh!"

The negro turned on his chair, murmured something in his sleep, and again all was silent. Had his eyes opened, they would have closed forever.

Once more they were in motion, the living and the dead; the pale face of the one supported on the shoulder of the other.

The sleeper was now behind them, and the Major was safe.

No, not yet; any accident might undo what he had accomplished; his purpose might still be baffled.

He gained the private entrance at last, and letting Henley sink to the ground, drew back the bolts; the door swung open, and his lungs were filled with the cold night air. How welcome it was!

Lifting the corpse again, he stalked out upon the sidewalk, and hurriedly darted towards the corner. But, before it was reached, he beheld two men advancing in the opposite direction. It was too late to regain the hotel door, and if he remained where he was, discovery would be inevitable.

What was to be done?

He had little time for reflection, but that little was enough. Propping Henley up against the wall of a house, he placed himself before him, and grasping him by the shoulder, succeeded in holding the body in an upright position; a spectator would have imagined that the Major's hand was resting on his companion merely in a friendly way.

This manœuvre effected, Ward commenced to talk with much animation; then he pretended to listen to Henley's reply, which must have been of a rather comical description, for he laughed at it repeatedly. The Major spoke again, and the men passed by, seeing nothing but two persons holding a pleasant conversation.

They were out of sight—the farce was over—the tragedy again occupied the boards.

Now Ward hastened across the street; he stood on the wharf, and gazed down into the still waters.

"What have you got there?" asked some one behind him.

The corpse fell from the Major's arms, and before his interrogator could utter a cry, he had him by the throat.

Protracted and fierce was the struggle that ensued, but the murderer never took his hands from the stranger's neck. They rolled over and over in the dusk, and once nearly tumbled from the wharf, locked in a close embrace. Ward was fighting for his life, and his immense strength finally prevailed; the blood rushed from the mouth, nose, and ears of his adversary—he was suffocated.

Two murders in one night.

Staggering to his feet, the Major beheld these dismal proofs of his prowess. There they were—unknown to each other in life—comrades in death.

He put the two bodies together, pierced Henley's heart with the knife, and threw the weapon to the ground.

"There—the police will say they killed each other."

And he turned from the spot, sick at heart, and sadly pulling up his shirt collar. The habit clung to him even then.

Savannah had not known such a sensation for many years. If Maxwell had suspected the truth, he thought it better to keep his suspicions to himself, and Henley mouldered, unrevenged, in his grave. Nobody was arrested the following afternoon, for Henrietta and Stephens, accompanied by the invincible Major Ward, left for New York in an early morning train, via Augusta and Charleston.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A HEAVY BLOW.—A colonel, who is fond of telling tough 'uns, especially stories of which he himself is the hero, lately drew the long bow after the following wise:—

"I was once in Montpelier," says the colonel, "on official business. During my stay a horse race came off near the capital; and as I am rather partial to horse-racing, I went to see it. Just as they were about starting, some fellow insulted me by jostling me rather roughly. Now, you know I don't often fight, but when I strike, then I do strike. So I up fist, and hit him a blow that sent him against the fence into a field, carrying with him nine sections of post and rails. The fellow lay a short time, then raising himself into a sitting posture, he looked wildly around him.

"Gentlemen," said he, 'has the storm done much damage? Did the lightning strike any body but me?'"

ON HIS MUSCLE.—*Ethel McAlex.*—"Well, Johnny, you have said your school lesson so well that I hope to see you a great preacher one of these days."

Johnny (squaring off)—"Great preacher! pshaw—I'd rather be a prize-fighter."

FATHER TOM AND THE POPE.—This is a little book, illustrated with wood cuts, and intended to raise a laugh at the expense of the Romish powers. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

HARRY BLAKE, N. Y.—1. In case of a misdeal at whist, the dealer loses his deal, and it passes on to the next, unless it has been caused by the handling of the cards by one of the opposing side, in which case the dealer retains his right to deal again. 2. Five cards each are dealt at forty-fives, and five points are counted for each trick made. 3. It would be of no benefit to you for us to impart the knowledge we have of the lottery business. Let us advise you to have nothing whatever to do with it. 4. The party named is one of the proprietors. 5. The "sure thing" business in betting is played out, and you were entitled to the bet on the "neck-tie." 6. The two Woods named, are not so related.

PATRON, Attleboro.—Judging from the symptoms, we should say your dog is afflicted with asthma. If so, you cannot do better than to kill it, and put an end to its misery. The treatment to be followed, however, would be to feed on coarse vegetable diet, enforce exercise, and brush the skin daily. A pill containing any sedative, with an alterative quantity of some expectorant, may be given three times a day. From one to four leeches on the chest is sometimes of service; but small ammoniacal blisters applied to the sides, and frequently repeated, are more to be depended on. Stomachics and mild tonics at the same time, are to be employed; but a cure is not to be expected.

SUBSCRIBER, Philad'a.—1. The one who makes, or takes up the trump, has the privilege of playing alone, and no other; should another go alone against him, however, and make three tricks, he can score two points for the euchre only. If the other party, who made the trump, secures three tricks, he scores one point. 2. An English steamer has made the quickest passage across the Atlantic.

JAMES COUSINS.—If this meets the eye of any persons acquainted with James Cousins, a young man from the North of England, between the ages of 25 and 30, and who lately resided at No. 257 Front street, Philadelphia, and who is a ship carpenter by trade, they will confer a great favor by imparting any intelligence concerning him to his uncle, James Cousins, London, Canada West.

ARNOLD.—1. Dan Donnelly was engaged in three battles, viz.: with Hall, Cooper, and Oliver. The two first were fought in Ireland, and the last in England. 2. He was not considered equal to those you mention. 3. Oliver lived many years after his fight with Donnelly. 4. Donnelly's height was a trifle over six feet, and his weight 196 lbs.

E. T. H., Cincinnati.—1. The price of Newbold's picture is six dollars for the plain, and eleven dollars for the colored. In addition to this, the key to the picture will cost you 75 cents. The other prints can be had at various prices, from $1 00 upwards. They can be forwarded to you on receipt of price. 2. We believe they are both English.

KITTY MALONEY.—1. We are not aware that Flora Temple ever trotted a mile in the precise time stated, but she has made the mile in *less* time, viz: 2:19¾. 2. Having played the game so far, without discovering that the piece was missing, A scores the count. Players should be certain that the pieces are full before commencing.

T. WEBB, Fall River.—*Forty-Fives.*—Your question is not very explicitly put; but, as we understand it, it rests on the question of five for the highest trump. That being the case, B could not take five therefor, there being no trumps played, even if he did make all the tricks. If we have misunderstood your query, repeat it more plainly.

S. & B., Memph's.—If we knew the young lady to be deserving of the good things said of her, we should be happy to speak of her; but we do not insert notices from other papers; neither do we make any charge for notices. Our correspondent in Memphis, who is personally known to us, may bring her merits to our notice.

NEWS AGENT, Port Deposit.—1. A pointer is preferred by most sportsmen. One well broken in will cost you from $75 to $100. 2. Don't buy a pup. 3. It is not necessary to abridge their caudal appendages. 4. Weston did not arrive at Washington so soon as he expected; he was too late to witness the inauguration.

DRAMA, Providence.—1. We have not heard from him of late. 2. Bryant's Minstrels do not travel in the summer. Sometimes, during vacation, they give a few entertainments outside of New York, but never make any extended tour.

G. G., New York.—"Two persons are playing chequers; A., has a jump; but by so jumping he loses a king and a man; can he move out of the way, or can B. compel him to jump?".....B. can compel him to jump.

OSCEOLA, Montreal.—1. We do not think the "Hunt" possesses sufficient general interest to warrant us in publishing it. Will speak to our Cricket reporter about the Lacrosse suggestion. 2. We "cut down" communications whenever we find it necessary.

G. N.—*Cribbage.*—"A and B are playing at five card cribbage,—A leads a 7, B a 3, A a 5, B a 4, A a 6, and B a three, for which he claims four for the sequence, besides the one for 'go.' Is B entitled to the four for the sequence?".....Yes.

E. EDGAR.—You had better make inquiry, in person, of the parties, or at the places named in your letter. We think, however, you are a little *too* ambitious. May be, you are poking fun at us about the Park, and Academy.

FRANK, New London.—Hoyle says either way is correct, but that the point should be settled before commencing play. We have always taken ground that a player *cannot* go alone, when a partner assists.

GAME COCK, Saratoga.—1. "White Hackle" will attend to your case soon. 2. The price is from $5 to $7, we believe: but you had better write him according to directions in our advertising column.

A. H. M., Wellsville, N. Y.—The charge for books per mail to Great Britain, is the same as for letters, that is, 24 cents per ounce or fraction of an ounce if the book weighs over eight ounces.

G. W. J., Chicago.—We can't say whether Johnny is married or not; it is very likely he is, however. Some of those in the business who are not married, ought to be, that's clear.

BASE BALL, Louisville.—The decision was evidently wrong, but it might very possibly have occurred by mistake, as often there is considerable sharp practice in making "first base."

T. L. C.—According to our understanding of the game, each person must throw three times, leaving one piece remaining after each throw.

CORK, Philad'a.—We never put any faith in the challenge, and it would be a waste of time to bother with the fellow. He put up no money, and probably has none to put up.

H. T. P., Memphis.—We should be very happy to oblige you, but we think we can do you a better service by not publishing your lines. They are not good enough for publication.

J. F. W., Baltimore.—We believe he is the same whose company was recently wrecked on the Florida coast. See our General Summary.

G. T. H.—Vicksburgh Miss.—Your paper was forwarded regularly up to within two weeks, when your subscription expired. Money received and credited.

L. P., Causecan, C. W.—Our terms are one dollar for six months, or two dollars per annum. Have credited you for the former period.

O. B. JABERS, N. Y.—Address or call on J. W. Horner, Sons of Malta D. A. Rooms, 567 Sixth Avenue, who will be pleased to give you the requisite information.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—A full beats a flush; therefore the player holding three sevens and two queens takes the pot.

BILLY AND SKELPER.—K wins the bet, the dogs were not lock-jawed for two hours and a half.

J. F. H., Bristol.—There is no such work. We published the rules of cocking in a recent issue.

K. T. O., Salem, Ind.—We think the idea a good one; and properly worked, the speculation might pay well.

MORE ANON, Rome.—Their names were announced on the bills of the company mentioned.

DUPLEX.—J. W. Wallack, Jr., is a nephew of the present lessee of Wallack's theatre.

PELICAN, Cincinnati.—B must pay the bet. He proposed it, and must abide the result. The "certainty" dodge is exploded.

A. M. W., Memph's.—Address Geo. C. Newman, foot of 119th street, Harlem, N. Y.

SPORTER.—All right. Let them come; we'll take care of them for you.

EXODUS, Mobile, Ala.—The challenge should come from the company most anxious for a match.

J. B. S., London, C. W.—We make no charge for the notice. You will find it in our "correspondence" department.

A YOUTH.—1. Six or seven would be sufficient. 2. Three officers. 3. We do not know what effect they might have.

HOLMESBURG.—You have not informed us what game you were playing. Repeat the question, and be more clear.

WASHINGTON, South River.—Flora Temple has made the fastest trotting time on record, and E. wins.

SUBSCRIBER, Philad'a.—Inquire at Peterson's, Chesnut above Third.

UNCLE FRANK.—The item is not authenticated, in a proper manner.

W. BACON, Boston.—We have both of them at six cents per copy.

BYSTANDER, Balt more.—So reads the law. See section fifteen.

CHEEK PIECE.—We are looking up the information you desire.

J. A. W., Hartford.—Ella is of the "masculine persuasion."

CONSTANT READER.—Yes—a long time since, to Mr. Lutz.

KEAN, Boston, Mass.—Patsey does not lose his deal.

SAM HOUSTON.—At any music store on Broadway.

H. V. D.—You must apply to the managers.

W. O., Walkins.—See answer to "Cork."

J. J. G., Utica.—See answer to "Cork."

BILLIARDS IN CINCINNATI.—The game is flourishing thereaway, we are informed. The National and International saloons, of which Phil. Tieman is now the proprietor, are doing a big business; so much so that it is feared the redoubtable knight of the cue will be unable to take part in the forthcoming grand tournament, although he expresses his determination to be on hand if possible. Seereiter visited that city during the week ending on the 16th ult., and discounted the best amateur there. Four games were played, of which they each won two. Seereiter made a run of 188 on the two reds, and the amateur ran 146 on the red and white. Parker, of Milwaukee, is also there, and it is said "punches" the balls to perfection. A gold watch was put up for a prize at one of Tieman's establishments, for the amateur who made the highest count during the past month. At last advices, the above run of 146 was likely to take the "ticker."

BILLIARD STARS IN THE EAST.—Last week, Kavanagh and Geary visited Boston, and, aided by Phelan, gave an exhibition there Kavanagh, we are informed, has improved in his play vastly, and makes all Berger's shots to perfection. He is, without a doubt, destined to "lead the lot" in the race at billiards, even if he does not already. Since he has improved so much, and can come the *masse* so well, why not pit him against the fat, fair and forty Frenchman, for a good stake, on the square? It would create quite an excitement, and cause billiard stock to rise to any number per cent. Roberts, of England, was evidently afraid of Phelan, but perhaps he wouldn't mind having a "shy" at our "colt." We give the hint without charge.

FORT SUMPTER *is* to be evacuated.

STILL LATER.—Sumpter will be re-inforced.

Anderson and his gallant band are starving, but can hold out for six months yet.

For further "news" and "important particulars," see the *Herald* and *Express*.

A BIG PICTURE AND A BIG FAILURE.—The big picture of the big fight, which was gotten up with so much buncombe, has turned out a big failure, both here and in England. The agent sent here has been a sad loser by the speculation, and we understand that Newbold has not made the "pile" he anticipated.

PEDESTRIENNES.—On the 25th of March, two fashionable ladies of Muscatine, Iowa, for a wager of $25, walked to Wilton, 13 miles distant, in a little over four hours. We are pleased to learn that "fashion" is leading in so sensible a direction, and hope that the example will be followed by many of the fair ones nearer home.

AT IT AGAIN.—We understand that Adams, the pedestrian, recommenced his walk of 1500 miles in 1000 hours, at Palace Garden, on the 30th ult.

P. S.—Adams, who postponed the walking during the late great snow storm, seems to be unfortunate, for at the time of writing this, we are in the midst of another snow squall. Will he give it up again?

MCDONALD'S TROTTERS.—Jack McDonald, while in this country, sent home some fast trotting stock to take down the Britishers; but we have not yet heard from them. Wouldn't they "stand the climate," Jack, or did the thing leak out?

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—By reference to our latest London letter, it will be seen that doubts are expressed about Hurst being able to get in proper trim by the time fixed for his match with Mace. He is still quite lame.

SCULLING MATCH.—We understand that the scullers Hancon and Berger are to pull a match at Po'keepsie, on the 4th inst., for $100 a side.

NOT YET.—We have received nothing from Chambers in regard to the proposed International Sculling Match. It is rather too early to look for a reply.

WHITE FEATHER.—In what the *Herald* calls the International Dog Fight—a report of which is given in another column—the slut Rosie, of Brooklyn, sustained a most inglorious defeat. What makes the matter worse, the loser fought on her own dung hill, and got whipped at that.

PHELAN AND KAVANAGH.—These famous billiard players as we have stated elsewhere, were in Boston last week. On Friday evening they first played a four ball carom game, which was won by Kavanagh, who made fourteen good runs, the highest being 67; Phelan made twelve good runs, the highest being 109. The next game was the French carom (three balls.) At the wind up they stood one and one, and Phelan came off victor. Mr. Kavanagh then gave an exhibition of the fancy shots made by the famous Berger, in this city. Kavanagh showed a wonderful proficiency in these *masse* shots, and in his playing in the previous games he availed himself of the advantages of the French method on several occasions. On Saturday evening, they again gave an exhibition of their skill, the first game being a French carom, which Kavanah won by two points. The second game, at the American four ball carom game, was won by Phelan by 65 points. Kavanagh made a run of 93 points, and Phelan one of 53 points.

SPARRING AND WRESTLING.—The admirers of these two kinds of sport will have an excellent opportunity for witnessing them, on the evening of the 10th inst., at Montgomery Hall, No. 76 Prince street, on the occasion of the benefit to the well known and much liked Mike Trainor, which has been tendered him by his pupils and friends, as an evidence of their esteem for his general good conduct. All the boxing talent, pretty nearly, of this city and environs, is on the bills to appear, and will no doubt attend, for no one could go back on Mike, as he is always on hand to assist a brother professional on a like emergency. In addition to the host of star boxers who will be present, a wrestling bout is announced to take place between two good 'uns, for a purse of $50, best two out of three, fair back falls. The wind-up will be between Mike and Jack Bath. The accommodations for spectators will be good, as the stage is to be erected in the centre of the hall, so that all can see the proceedings without interruption.

PEDESTRIAN CHALLENGE.—Bernard Farley, the Woonsocket Boy, now at Blackstone, Mass., challenges Orville Dean to run a foot race over the Union Trotting Park of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, on the first day of June next, good day and good track; or the next good week day following, for $50 or $100 a side; the conditions and forfeit to be made at the first meeting after the acceptance of this challenge. Should Dean decline, the challenge is then open to any resident of Rhode Island.

LATEST SPORTS IN LONDON.

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE CHASE.

HURST, THE CHAMPION—SEVERAL MILLS—AQUATICS, ETC.

LONDON, Friday, March 15, 1861.

DEAR CLIPPER—Having essayed in my last letter to you *to do* a little prophesying on the "great" grand National Steeple Chase, I could not refrain from taking my seat in the railway carriage, "like many hundred more of her Majesty's subjects," and travel a distance of more than 200 miles to pay "Aintree" a visit, and witness the great jumping event brought off. The meeting commenced on Tuesday, and never has the programme of sport issued by the spirited clerk of the course, Mr. Topham, been equalled on previous occasions, and the fields that came out for each event, to contend for the prizes, was a strong proof that owners of horses were satisfied with the weights awarded them. Amongst the hundreds present on Tuesday, I saw a lot of the members of the P. R., including old Nat Langham, Jem Mace, Phil Sampson, Tom King, Bob Travers, Jem Clark, Paddy Gill, Ralph Bailey, Joe Goss, Tom Tyler, Jack Brook, Jem Dillon, Mace's Black, Ben Bandoff, Mickey Gannon, and others. In the evening, I paid a visit to the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, which was taken by Nat and Mace for a joint benefit; and if ever the lovers of milling at Liverpool witnessed a treat, it was on this occasion, for it was as far as possible *perfection itself*. I should have been pleased to have seen more present, but those that did attend proved by their presence that the P. R. in this great city of commerce is upheld by those who can well uphold it. Rumors had been flying about during the day that Goss was prepared to fight Mace for £200 a side, at 10st 6 lbs., to weigh at the ring side, whether he, Mace, won or lost with Hurst, and to fight within three months of the battle for the championship. This bold and swaggering side wind challenge from Goss was expected to give Mace the needle, and so it turned out, for at night he publicly announced his readiness to meet Goss at any time and place and fight him for from £200 to £500 a side, at 10st 9 lbs., the lowest weight he, Mace, can get down to. This announcement by Jem, caused loud cheers to be drawn from those present.

The early dawn on Wednesday held out most flattering hopes that a bright and spring like day was in store for the celebration of the great event, and never were those hopes more fully realized, as the sun broke out and shone cheerily; and the course and every available spot where a good view could be obtained, or a rasping fence or water pump seen, was crowded by thousands of anxious pleasure folks, and a more interesting or picturesque scene can not well be imagined, than the approaches to Aintree about half an hour ere the lot were marshalled in good order under the charge of Lord Sefton, who always, upon this occasion, starts. Men and boys were crowded together, and even swarmed into every tree that commanded a view of the route the horses had to take. My selected lot last week turned out in every way satisfactory, and I cannot but take credit to myself for the pick I sent you, and your readers will have no cause to say that your correspondent is not a true "marksman." The betting upon the event for some short period before the start was very animated, and thousands of pounds were invested upon the different animals, and upon the following four, "which were the four first favorites," a sufficient amount was betted to almost purchase a German State; viz.: Anatis, Jealousy, Master Bagot, and Cockatoo. But of the four-and-twenty starters, France only sent one, Franc Picard; Ireland, two, Redwing and Kilcock, and Scotland one, in Old Ben Roe. Thus, it will be seen that the prize is one coveted by others than Englishmen. At the appointed time the lot were saddled and mounted, and a prettier sight cannot be imagined than what was here presented to view. The sun shone out brightly upon the new and splendid varied colored jackets and caps of the jockeys, which flashed and glistened in the mellowed sunbeams, and at once created a most eager expectation, mingled with genuine enthusiasm for this noble sport, which is rarely felt except on Albion's shore; and I can with safety say that it was such a sight as no other country in the world could rival. The ups and downs of the race I have no particular occasion to relate, and shall only refer to a few of the most prominent events which will make the Chase of 1861 memorable as *the one* that witnessed more casualties than on any previous occasion, and in the following order the lot came to grief. The Freshman and Longrange were the two first to kiss the earth, followed by Conductor, who broke his shoulder bone, and was killed: then Irish Emigrant, Anatis, and Dr. Leete were put *hors du combat*, whilst Master Bagot, as soon as he had got clear over the greatest obstacle in the race, Beecher's Brook, raced at the next fence and came down a burster, and got away. After this, Brunette, The Dane, and Cockatoo; and Kilworth Lass and Diamant refusing in the early part of the race, left only about a dozen in it to finish, and when within half a mile of home, "the last time," only four appeared to have any chance, and Jealousy, my selected one, won easily by two lengths, having for second The Dane, with Old Ben Roe third, and Bridegroom fourth. Neither Ireland or France securing a notice from the judge. I must admit that I was pleased to find that the French division were so well beaten, for the proceedings lately in connection with their animals have been anything but sportsmanlike, and I am pleased, that in this instance these wrong doings have met with a just retribution.

Immediately after the event was decided, Sam Hurst, the Champion of England, as if dropped from the clouds, wended his way up the course, and very soon he had several hundred followers, who shouted and cheered him right lustily, and apparently there appeared as much anxiety amongst the masses to have a look at Hurst as there had been to see the Chase. I took a good look at him, and at once came to the conclusion that it will take him all his time to get ready by the middle of June, for he now walks with a stick, very lame, and looks as if he must get at least between four and five stone off him ere he enters the ring with such a quick and clever boxer as Mace. Jem says that he has made up his mind to go that day a distance of *twelve miles*, in getting up at Hurst's frontispiece; so from that it appears he does not anticipate beating him very easily.

I am almost afraid that the fight with King and Poulson will not come to anything, on account of Poulson's backers fighting very shy in putting their money down. Should they not send the required amount to the stakeholder to-day, King will be entitled to claim forfeit of the sum down.

I think I can now satisfactorily say that Tom Sayers does not intend visiting America. He has recently entered into a fresh engagement with Howes & Cushing for six months certain, at £50 per week, to go with them through England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and exhibit himself during the performance in the circus. Mr. Cushing wished to make it very stringent, by each party forfeiting a sum of £1,000, should they break the engagement. This Tom would not consent to, and Cushing not wishing to put an obstacle in the way, consented without enforcing that clause.

There have been, during the past week, several good little mills, but as I was away at the Liverpool gathering, I can only speak from hearsay. The combatants were Young Gallager and Jones, who fought down the river, two hours, in which time no less than 100 well contested rounds were fought, when Gallager was declared the best man, but not until Jones had paid very many visits to his mug. Jones, for his gameness and pluck, was rewarded by a good sum being collected for him on the return home. The next pair were Mic the Grecian and Blount. These were two hardware villagers, Brummagem, and well did they keep up the character of their place, for each kept hammering the other most terribly for 44 rounds, when the sponge was thrown up by Blount's seconds, and Mic hailed the winner in 65 minutes. Taylor and Evans, also of Birmingham, had a turn, when Taylor gave Evans the finishing stroke, after 70 minutes had been spent together. Ruff of Nottingham and Curley of Sheffield, also had a slashing affair, which lasted one hour and 28 minutes, and in which 55 rounds were hotly contested; Ruff's friends seeing that he then had no chance of pulling it off in his favor, wisely threw up the sponge in token of defeat, and Curley was declared the victor. Millington and Bagot, also went through their performance for the mastership, and £40, which neither succeeded in pulling off, on account of a disturbance, and the ring being broken in, when the referee at once declined to act any longer, and the men agreed, after having fought 65 rounds in 92 minutes, to draw stakes, and thus the matter rests. It will thus be seen that there has been plenty of boxing for those fond of it.

I have nothing fresh wherewith to enlighten you respecting the Chambers and Ward rowing match. The only topic now engrossing the minds of rowing men in England, is the forthcoming Oxford and Cambridge eight-oared rowing match, which takes place on the Thames, on Saturday next. Both crews, I understand, are in first rate trim, but having heard no betting upon it, I am at a loss to say which are the favorites. From what I can glean, Oxford will carry my money, and I fully expect to see them come through victorious.

I am pleased to say that the Licensed Victuallers of London have placed the only remaining daughter of poor old Bob Coombes, many years Champion of the Thames, in their school, she having been elected on Wednesday last by a majority of several thousand votes.

Yours, MARKSMAN.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand.

FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair. 35-tf

IVY GREEN, 80 PRINCE STREET.—At this public resort, now under the Proprietorship of JOHNNY MONAGHAN and F. MCCARTHY, the best of ales, wines, and liquors are always on sale, and patrons are promptly attended to. Newbold's Great Picture of the International Fight may be seen here, and also a variety of other sporting prints, together with THE CLIPPER and other sporting papers. 45-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

JOHNNY SWEETMAN IN CINCINNATI.—A gay and festive old crowd assembled within the walls of that commodious and accessibly situated establishment—The Palace Garden—last night, to testify their appreciation of, and respect to Johnny Sweetman, on his return to this city from his teaching mission to Columbus. The entertainment alternated between negro minstrelsy and sparring, each of its kind of the most attractive character. The majority of the audience went to see the sparring, and if thunders of applause are to be received as a token of satisfaction, the gloved gladiators felt reason to be proud of their demonstrations. The principal individual participators in the illustrations of the manly art, were Prof. Lester and Johnny Sweetman, Young Ryan, of New York and Young Brown of Cincinnati, Johnny Mackay of Manchester and Young Sullivan of New York. The "big thing" of the evening was the wind-up between the *two Johnnys*—Mackay and Sweetman. Description is unnecessary, farther than to say that Cincinnati amateurs "*or any other man*" think the *stars* of fistic empire have thus far taken their flight, and hope they may become stationary and shed their light upon this (fistically speaking) benighted region. Both are excessive favorites here, and will find plenty of material to exercise their scientific attainments upon. Bye the way, a rich treat is in store for us; Young Keaton, who recently challenged the States at 105 lbs., has had his *defi* accepted by Young Quinn, and they will solve the problem as to who is the better man in a few weeks. It is, perhaps, unfair at this stage to make any invidious observations, but the man who stands before Keaton in the roped arena, had in the meantime better practise *exchanges* with flashes of lightning. CINCINNATUS.

Cincinnati, March 19, 1861.

WILL FIGHT.—Milwaukee, March 23d.—Hearing that a gentleman in Michigan wishes to fight me, I will give him an opportunity to do so. I will fight any man in Michigan, Wisconsin, or Illinois, for any sum from one dollar up to five hundred. MICHEL CARROLL

YOUNG DUTCH SAM, from America, was announced to take a benefit in London, on the 13th ult.

DAN KERRIGAN wishes to inform Owney Geoghegan, once for all, that when he can get $1000 to fight for at 133 lbs., or when he wishes to fight at catch weight for $500 a side, he can always ensure a match by applying to him in a business like manner, without having his name paraded before the public so much, in Dan's opinion more for the sake of show than real business intentions. If these terms don't suit him, he can forever hold his peace as far as Dan is concerned; though he cannot but think that so aspiring a youth might find the requisite amount ($1000) if he tried. Dan has his doubts who would lack the socking up of the soap, providing the match should assume a business aspect, which he hopes will be the case, to put aside the question of which would really have the soft match.

...HER DOG FIGHT.

...AND AGAINST AMERICA.

DEFEAT OF THE LATTER.

Notwithstanding the recent descent made by the police upon the dog fighters, another match was decided on Wednesday evening, March 27th, at 22 White street. The match in question was between the Brooklyn slut Rosie, and an English slut recently imported to tackle Rosie. The fight was for $500, and was witnessed by several hundred persons. Betting had been quite lively, with odds in favor of Rosie, but she sustained an inglorious defeat, and couldn't be coaxed to scratch when called upon. For about ten minutes the fighting was well kept up on both sides; after that, the Brooklyn slut began to show the white feather. Rosie, it may be in the recollection of our readers, is the slut that was matched with Kate of Albany, in September, 1859; the fight was appointed to take place on the 1st of November, but on meeting in the pit, poison was found rubbed on the Albany slut in large quantities; and thereupon, McLaughlin, who trained Rosie, claimed forfeit. The referee was appealed to, and he decided that John Marriott, the trainer of Kate, must pay forfeit, owing to a violation of the articles of agreement in permitting Kate to be rubbed with poison. We held the stakes, and, in accordance with the referee's decision, handed the money over to McLaughlin, who guaranteed to protect us against all loss, should the opposite party enter suit, as they threatened to do. Marriott, who, until that time was looked upon as a pretty square sort of man, rebelled against the referee's decision, and sued us for his own stake, and we were compelled to give him the money out of our own pocket. We then appealed to McLaughlin to make good to us the sum, as he had guaranteed, but he preferred to let us bear the loss, while he violated his word as a man of honor. Until that time we had confidence in both Marriott and McLaughlin, but the circumstances connected with that match looked as though a combination had been formed to "beat us" out of that money, which they did. We had been friends to these men, had given them our time, the use of our office, etc., to help them along, as we had all others engaged in pursuits like themselves. With the discovery of their base ingratitude, we washed our hands of them, and shook them off; together with all who were in any manner interested with them. So Rosie and her trainer McLaughlin have come to grief at last, notwithstanding the attempt made by certain parties to abruptly terminate the battle by letting in the police, as stated in the annexed report of the match, for which we are indebted to the dog reporter of the *Herald*, in which paper it originally appeared. Other matches, we hear, are about being made, should the authorities not arrest the parties engaged in the recent encounter, of which there is some little fear at present. Here is the report of the fight, as it appeared in the *Herald*, of the 28th ult.

There have been international matches of nearly every sort, and last evening the climax was capped by an international dog fight. The yacht America sailed in, internationally; Morphy's games were international; Prioress ran an international race; Heenan gave Sayers international punches about the head—in short, the word international has clearly gone to the dogs, and may with propriety be applied to the fight we have to describe. This match, between Rosie, of Brooklyn, and Bess, of Liverpool, England, was made some time ago, and has created very great interest in sporting circles. The reputation of Rosie is as wide as the country. She has won ten matches and many dollars for her owner, who, finding here no more dogs to conquer, consented to match his pet with the English Bess. Bess had been equally fortunate in England—having won every match of the five she had fought—and her trainer, who rejoices in the cognomen of Sheffield George, had not the slightest objections to crossing the Atlantic if his expenses were guaranteed. The match, therefore, was readily made for $250 a side. Sheffield George and the other dog came over about a month ago, and all parties went into training for the contest. The former performances of the dogs are of no sort of interest to any but sporting men, and they know all about the animals already. The betting, up to yesterday, was slow, and the odds rather in favor of Rosie. Not less than ten thousand dollars depended upon the result of this fight, and in the West and South, in California, and in England, the betting was heavy. Outsiders, to whom a dog is but a dog,

"And nothing more,"

can form no idea whatever of the excitement which such matches produce among sporting men, the delight with which they are anticipated, the zest with which they are enjoyed, and the amount of money which is staked upon them. Preliminaries being duly arranged, and the dogs in good condition and eager for the fray—which they seemed to know was near at hand—the fight came off last night at a well known sporting house near this city. Seats, capable of holding five hundred persons, sloped up from the pit, which was about sixteen feet long by twelve broad, and two deep. For fear that the shoutings of the spectators would attract the police and interrupt the fight, the doors, windows, and ventilators of the room were closed, and in this almost air-tight apartment over one thousand persons, having paid the admission fee of fifty cents, were packed so tightly that movement was impossible and respiration difficult. The assemblage consisted mostly of Brooklyn men, of all shades of character; and, as in the Houses of Parliament and of Congress, the members of opposite opinions are seated upon opposite sides of the house, so here those persons who backed the English kept themselves separate and distinct from those who backed the American champion. At half past eight o'clock, when the proceedings began, the room was lined with hatless, coatless men, shouting, swearing, betting, offering and taking odds of seven to five, and three to two upon Rosie, the Brooklyn Pet. The proprietor of the ball having announced that the fight would proceed if there was no interruption; but that if the disorder among the spectators attracted the police, the fight would be concluded privately: the dogs were weighed and found to be under the specified twenty one pounds, and Bess was brought into the pit. Bess is a small bull terrier, her body white, her ears and side face black, her every muscle splendidly developed, with no ounce of superfluous flesh about her. Her beauty as a fighting dog elicited shouts of admiration and delight from the spectators. Having been washed by Jim McLoughlin, a fine looking Irishman and trainer of Rosie, she was tasted—that is to say, McLoughlin applied his tongue to the dog to taste if any pernicious drug had been placed upon her to poison her opponent during the fight. Bess was then concealed behind a curtain of coats, held by closely crowded men, and Rosie, who appeared a trifle heavier than Bess, and who was entirely white, underwent a similar process at the hands and tongue of Sheffield George. So particular are the trainers about this drugging business that, in champion matches, it is usual for the two trainers to exchange clothes; but in this instance the point was waived.

At about nine o'clock, the dogs having been dried and the referees calling time, the curtains were removed and the dogs sprang together. With low snarls of rage, with every muscle rigid, with jaws closing and holding like keen vises, the champions fought more like exquisitely arranged machines than like animals. For the first few moments Rosie had the best of the bargain, and her admirers shouted accordingly. The trainers stood each behind his own dog, snapping their fingers for the animals to keep their hold; stamping to order them to make brisker fighting, encouraging, advising, and assisting them by word and gesture, but refraining from touching them with even the tip of a finger. In ten minutes Bess' victory was begun. The instinct of the dogs, their education, and their skill was wonderful. Now they rose upon their hind feet, and wrestled and tripped like champions. Now Bess allowed her opponent to retain a painful, but not dangerous hold, until she had breathed herself a little. Now Rosie, by a quick summersault, a sudden rally, or by seizing one of her contestant's legs, succeeded in shaking herself loose from a fatal grip. Now Bess threw the American dog heavily several times in order to weaken it, and then, securing a good hold, crouched her back and bored herself into her opponent's very heart. Then came a quick rally, in which each tried to secure the best grip—fencing, dodging, moving like lightning, watching each other's eyes, and, the moment an opportunity occurred, fastening its teeth like a spring-trap, and pulling the other dog backwards and forwards around the pit by main force. It is impossible to express the agility of the dogs' movements, their celerity, the scientific precision and certainty of their attack and defence, the instinctive passion which made every limb like iron, and every muscle like steel; the knowledge which they seemed to possess of everything which would favor or defeat them; the indomitable pluck with which they endured the pains of the combat, the coolness with which, while suffering terribly or inflicting equal punishment, they heard and obeyed the commands of their trainers. And all this in perfect silence, the low snarls with which the combat began having ceased as the dogs warmed to their work. In fifteen minutes, a low murmur from the English benches, and a defiant shout from those of the Brooklynites announced that Rosie's tail had dropped—a sure sign of distress—and in seventeen minutes from the commencement of the fight, the pet of Brooklyn, who never had been made to complain before, began to cry for quarter, and now lay helpless at the mercy of her adversary; perceiving which, Bess paused a moment to take breath for the *coup de mort*, but even then lay upon her opponent so as to deprive it of the power of respiration. A moment, and with hind legs firmly braced, Bess pushed her way to Rosie's throat and the contest instantly ceased. Bess' trainer now called his dog away for a scratch, or turn, which is almost equivalent to a round in pugilism. The dogs were taken to their corners, sponged and again let go. Bess flew across the ring at her adversary and worked hard to finish her task as soon as possible. All the while Rosie uttered weak, plaintive cries, and tried feebly to beat off those sharp teeth which were gnawing out her life. One or two Brooklyn men, who were interested in the fight some hundreds of dollars, rose to leave the room, but as it was anticipated—such is the boasted honor among sporting men—that they were going for the police, tremendous shouts were raised, the keepers refused to open the doors, and the informers were not allowed to go out of the building. McLoughlin now used every means to carry Bess away. Sheffield George, excited, apprehensive, anxious, encouraged his dog to make a death of it. Finally, at just thirty one minutes from the beginning of the fight, the dogs were again scratched. McLoughlin accidentally touched Bess a moment before, but the referees took no notice of this, on account of the obvious defeat of his dog. Under the circumstances, this carelessness would have lost McLoughlin his fight. The dogs were again sponged and brought out, it being Rosie's turn to cross the ring and attack Bess. The Pride of Brooklyn was humbled, however. She was pushed a foot or two towards her adversary, who was anxiously endeavoring to get at her, and then sunk down so nearly dead that she is not expected to recover, and Bess was declared the winner of the fight and the champion dog of the world. In such a combat, if the dogs alone be considered, there is none of that repulsiveness which is generally supposed to accompany dog fighting. The dogs fight quietly, scientifically, and evidently love their work. Of the men who make dog fighting a livelihood, however, or of those who habitually encourage, attend, and support such exhibitions, there can be but one opinion, and that not the most favorable. The class of men who get up and attend these fights are sufficiently and justly under the ban of public opprobrium already, and to that we leave them. Of the two, we consider the dog the superior animal.

STILL LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

SAM HURST AND JEM MACE, FOR £400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.

The fourth deposit of £20 a side has to be staked at Mr. W. Richardson's, on March 21

A FIGHTING WEEK.

RUFF AND CURLEY FOR £30.—On Tuesday, March 12, James Curley, of Sheffield, and Young Ruff, of Nottingham, contended, for £15 a side, about 11 miles from Sheffield. They were confined to 8 st. 4 lbs. in weight, and both were found to be 1 lb under their weight. An early start was made and a referee being selected speedily, the fight would have been in ship shape order in a very short time, when it was suddenly discovered that each had been depending on the other bringing ropes and stakes, which neither having done, there was only one way left, that was fighting without, both the lads meaning business. The little forgetfulness was not allowed to spoil sport, and about half-past ten o'clock the fight commenced. From the first round Curley took a decided lead, and such liberties he took as quite paralysed poor Ruff and his supporters. All three events fell to Curley's share, and no one could do more than the Nottingham lad did to turn the scale, but of no use, for Jemmy would sling the one two straight as arrows, be on the other side of Jordan instantly, so that Ruff was continually fighting at nothing. One of his friends of the humane kind threw up the sponge when they had fought an hour, but Ruff positively refused to give over, and fought ten rounds more, when his backer insisted on him giving over, when the poor fellow cried as though he had "copped ten years." The fight lasted one hour and twenty eight minutes, occupying fifty-five rounds. The men were seconded by friends, and as far as the fight went all was comfortable as possible, but as though the only place where a fight can take place near Sheffield was no consideration, a few low blackguards could not do without plundering the house where the landlord had shown the men and their *real friends* the utmost civility and kindness, and not content plundered other houses on the road. We can only inform them that the police have received orders, with descriptions of the depredators, and we hope the proper parties may be apprehended and brought to justice. It is through such thieves as those, the right sort, who wish to pay for what they have, are prevented from seeing good old English contests in the provinces, as in former times, who would be as likely to spoil sport on a future occasion, as the landlord of the house had been previously robbed. While such proceedings are practised, where can a place be found to fight on? In conclusion, we can only say the winner of this fight acquitted himself admirably. He is a good fighter with both hands, can wrestle well, and gets out of danger, as well as Sayers himself, whilst the loser is as game a lad as ever took a shirt off. We heartily wish him better luck on some other occasion.

JEM MACE AND JOE GOSS.—Jem Mace, in reply to Joe Goss' late challenge, begs to inform him that if he (Goss) means business and not bouncing, he will fight him at 10st 9lb, for from £200 to £500 a side, win or lose with Hurst. Mace is afraid Goss does not mean business, as he some time ago informed Goss that he could not get to 10st 6lb.

YOUNG GALLAGHER AND JONES.—On Saturday, March 9, these young aspirants fought an off-hand battle for £10. The ring was formed on a well known spot. The lads stepped within the ropes soon after 11 o'clock, Gallagher being waited upon by Job Cobley and Jem Dillon, Bob Webb and Jem Hill doing the needful for Jones, who, like his opponent, did not exceed 8st 8lb in weight. On the part of both the battle was gallantly sustained. Gallagher, on the whole, had a decided advantage. The contest lasted exactly two hours, during which 100 rounds were fought, when the seconds of Jones, who was much punished about the head, threw up the sponge, and Gallagher was hailed the winner. The courage and gameness displayed by Jones were much admired, and a liberal subscription was made for him on the ground.

MIC THE GRECIAN AND BLOUNT OF HANDSWORTH.—These men met on Monday, March 11, at Hednesford, at catch weight, for £15 a side. Mic, who is one of Bob Brettle's stud, and of whose performances we have spoken on one or two previous occasions, never appeared in finer condition, owing to the good training he had received under Bob Brettle, and we may say, in justice to Brettle, that if it was not for him the pugilistic spirit in Birmingham and the districts round would soon be at a discount. Blount of Handsworth is almost a novice, having appeared only twice before in the Ring. His condition on stripping was all that could be desired. Mic was attended by Bodger Crutchley and Joe Wareham, Goss and Jem Hodgkiss doing the needful for Blount. The men quickly got to work, Mic getting the two first events, first blood and the knock down blow, at the very commencement. Blount did all that a brave man could do, but his exertions towards the latter part of the fight were of no avail, for Mic proved decidedly the better general, and after contending for one hour and five minutes, in which 44 rounds were got through, the sponge was thrown up, and Mic declared the winner.

BOWEY TAYLOR AND J. EVANS.—These Birmingham men fought on Tuesday, March 12, at catch weight, for £5 a side, about four miles from home, on the Walsall road. Taylor is a well-known man of pluck, and some few years back we had often to record his deeds as a game chicken. Evans may be considered almost a novice, but his friends had good confidence in him, and backed him at 2 to 1, but after 30 minutes had expired the odds veered round on Taylor, who, after contending for one hour and ten minutes, was declared the winner.

MILLINGTON AND BAGOT.—We are informed that Millington and Amos Bagot fought for £20 a side, on Tuesday, March 12, near Hednesford. Bagot was attended by J Holden and Dan Skeyte, and Millington by Goss and Hodgkiss. Sixty five rounds were fought in 92 minutes, on tolerably even terms, when the ring was broken in, and the referee declined to act any longer. The men, thereupon, agreed to draw stakes.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A LUDICROUS RACE.—On Monday, March 12, there were about 500 spectators on Mr. J. Baum's enclosed grounds, at Hackney Wick, to witness the twelve mile race for £15 a side, between W. Jackson, the American Deer, and J. Howard, of Brighton, and a more contemptible, hollow, and ridiculous affair has never before taken place at this sporting rendezvous. The long career, and extraordinary doings of William Jackson (the American Deer), are too well known to need comment, while the opponent against whom he had to contend was stated to be endowed with considerable pedestrian powers, especially at long distances, running from 70 to 100 miles. Howard was stated to have given proof of possessing wonderful lasting powers; but in the present struggle he did not display any of those attributes that he was said to be endowed with; and all who witnessed his performance on this occasion were unanimous in pronouncing him a complete impostor. To complete the entire distance the pedestrians had to run eighty-two times round the course, and at about twenty minutes to five o'clock, the preliminaries having been adjusted, the men made their appearance on the ground. The contrast between the competitors was most striking, for the Brightonian was accoutred for the struggle in a rather fantastic looking outfit. Round his neck he had a piece of red braid, with a loop at each end, into which, the instant he took up his position at the starting mark, he placed each of his thumbs, so that the whole time he was running his action was that of a man who had each of his hands in a sling. This peculiar method of carrying his arms excited the utmost astonishment, and certainly in the whole of our experience in such matters we never remember to have witnessed anything of the kind before. No sooner had the match been begun than it became apparent that Howard would not stand the remotest chance with the veteran Deer, whose friends were ready to back him at the most tempting odds. Any description of the race would be superfluous, and Howard had not gone more than a mile before the general desire among the spectators was that he should resign, and put an end to the exhibit on. Jackson repeatedly shut off the "steam" and waited for his man to come up to him, and when he had done so went darting from him with tremendous speed. When the twentieth lap had been completed, the pedestrians not having yet gone three miles of the distance, the Deer had succeeded in overlapping his competitor—and now occurred the most ludicrous part of the whole affair. Jackson having lapped his man was running comfortably by his side, when the rain, which had been threatening for some time, descended heavily. The Deer had no desire to get wet, therefore on passing the entrance gate, on the finish of the second lap of the fourth mile, he seized an umbrella from one of the spectators, and went rattling with it amidst peals of merriment, this being admitted to be the best part of the performance. Howard in the next round imitated this, but the manœuvre on his part did not succeed, and only rendered the figure he cut the more absurd and ridiculous. Howard, although repeatedly advised to leave the ground, stood "fire" from all quarters with admirable fortitude until the termination of the thirty-first lap, this being the third of the fifth mile, when his friends feeling that there had been enough of the exhibition, insisted upon the Brightonian not running any further. Jackson was now left alone in his glory, but having run six miles and a lap, the backers of Howard went to the referee and told that functionary there was no necessity for the Deer to run the distance out, therefore he was at once allowed to pull up, and acknowledged the winner. Many gentlemen came from Chatham and Rochester, where Howard was stated to have done some of his long distances, on purpose to witness his performance in this match, and, as every one else did, went away quite disgusted with the contemptible exhibition.

GREAT CHAMPION SWEEPSTAKES, distance 100 yards, in which the first prize amounted to £114 and the second to £20, came off at Manchester, on March 9 and 11. Eight men contested, namely, J. Hancock, of Salford; J. Nevin, of Stockton; George Darley, of Salford; Gavin Tait, of Carlisle; Thomas Lythe, of Hulme; J Walker, of Stockport; George Beddow, of London, and Patrick Kearney, of Preston. The affair was decided in heats, Beddow defeating Kearney in the first; Walker beating Tait, in the second; Nevin beating Lythe, in the third; and Hancock beating Darley, in the fourth. The final heat was run by Nevin and Beddow, which the former won after a good race. They therefore secured the first and second prizes as above stated.

SEWELL'S MATCH AGAINST TIME.—This was a match against the old Scythe Bearer, Sewell having been backed to walk thirteen miles within two hours, the backers of time staking £10 to £5. The event came off on March 11, at Chalk Farm Tea Gardens, Audenshaw, in the presence of a good muster, when Sewell, after a fine struggle, brought the match to a satisfactory issue, completing the distance in 2min. 30sec. under the specified time. The betting, before the commencement of the match, was 6 to 4 on time, but not much money changed hands.

AQUATICS.

OXFORD VS CAMBRIDGE.—This important aquatic event in England, when their picked eights contend for supremacy, is set down for March 28, at 11¼ A M. The list of the crews, altered and revised up to latest dates, is as follows:—

		st.	lb.
	OXFORD		
1	W. Champneys, Brasenose	10	9
2	E. B. Merriman, Exon	10	1
3	H. E. Medlicott, Wadham	12	3
4	W. Robertson, Wadham	11	6
5	G. Morrison, Balliol	13	2
6	A R. Poole, Trinity	12	5
7	H. G. Hopkins, Corpus	10	13
8	W. M. Hoare, Exon	10	9
	Coxswain, S. O B Ridsdale, Wadham	8	13
	CAMBRIDGE.		
1	J. H. Richards, Trinity	10	3
2	H J. Chaytor, Jesus	11	1
3	W H Tarleton, St. John's	10	11
4	J. S Blake, Corpus	12	8
5	M. Coventry, Trinity Hall	12	13
6	H. H. Collings, Trinity	11	2
7	R. P. Fitzgerald, Trinity Hall	11	3
8	J. Hall, Magdalene	10	5
	Coxswain, T. K. Gaskell, Trinity	8	3

PAIR OARED RACE.—A pair oared race was rowed on the Tyne on March 9th, between Messrs. Johnson and Craghill and Messrs. Ryle and Smith, all belonging to the Elswick engine works, the distance being the length of the meadows, to be pulled with the fall of the tide, the two first named men being allowed two boats' lengths start. After a fair start a well-contested race ensued, the lead being maintained by Johnson and Craghill to the end, who won by a length, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts of their antagonists. The boats used on the occasion were built by H. Clasper.

SCULLERS RACE.—On March 9th, T. M'Nally of St. Peter's Quay and T. Smart of Gateshead, rowed their scullers contest for £10, from the High Level Bridge to the Meadows House, when, after a foul a little above the Skinner's Burn, M'Nally was awarded the stakes. The weather was boisterous, and in consequence of the men keeping too near the shore to shelter themselves from the wind, both boats came in contact. The referee decided that Smart lost the race, owing to not keeping in his proper course. M'Nally was the favorite at 5 to 4, and much money was bet on the event.

A DAUGHTER OF ROBT. COOMBES was duly elected to the privilege of entering the school of the Licensed Victuallers on the 13th of March, upwards of 19,000 votes being recorded for her.

WRESTLING.

WRESTLING MATCH.—The athletics who engaged in this struggle at Manchester, on March 9th, were J. Ogden of Middleton and H. Greenhalgh of Heywood, they having engaged to wrestle two out of three back falls, Lancashire fashion, for £15 a side. Greenhalgh is a strongly built young fellow, his weight being stated at 7 score 3lb, and for this contest he had been prepared by the noted wrestler, J. Clough, (alias Robin,) of Hollinwood. Ogden, who scales at about 6 score 12lb, is possessed of a greater share of activity than his antagonist, had been "schooled" for the event by H. Partington of Rhodes, near Middleton, and the result of the match was eagerly looked forward to by many parties, particularly those from the locality in which the parties reside. The betting opened in favor of Greenhalgh, and soon afterwards 2 to 1 was invested on him, but on the men entering the ground 6 to 4 would have been taken that Ogden triumphed. Consequent on his prior appointment, Mr. Hayes discharged the duties of referee, and the wrestlers having stripped for action, they proceeded to business at about a quarter to four o'clock. During the first bout Ogden made some excellent points, in which his superior activity was frequently exhibited, and at the expiration of four minutes and a half he threw Greenhalgh. An interval of ten minutes had been agreed upon, and even wagers were now offered that Greenhalgh gained the next throw, the odds being 6 to 4 that Ogden won the match. In commencing the second round, Greenhalgh went to work in a most determined manner, and soon succeeded in bringing Ogden to the ground, and, whilst uppermost, Greenhalgh for a time held him there firmly in his grasp. This weakened the hopes of Ogden's friends, and though he still struggled gamely, his more powerful opponent at length placed him on his back, after the lapse of six minutes and a half, amid loud cheering. The betting for the final round was 12 to 5 on Greenhalgh, and whilst it was pending as much as 3 to 1 was offered on him. The concluding struggle was of brief duration, the effect of his previous efforts having told upon Ogden, and Greenhalgh "grassing" him in three minutes, he of course won the match, his success being alone attributable to his being the heavier and stronger man.

BILLIARDS.

A. HUGHES AND MR. DUGGAN.—The match at billiards between Alfred Hughes, brother to the celebrated player, and Mr. Duggan, took place on the evening of March 13, at Bayswater, in the presence of a decent muster of the admirers of the game. The conditions were that they should play 1,000 up for £10, Hughes giving his antagonist 100 points. The game commenced at 7.30, and was played very steadily for the first two hundred, neither making any large scores. As they went on, however, Hughes gained so rapidly, that shortly after the 200, he passed Duggan, who, from that time, had no chance. In the next 200, Hughes still rattled away, and increased his lead to 401 to Duggan's 285; and when the latter by a break of 15 scored 300, Hughes was 427. The next hundred was finished by Hughes scoring 594 to 380. At this portion of the game Charley Hughes backed his brother to make a break of 50 during the remaining 500. Hughes, from this, went to work in earnest, and scored the 600 to Duggan's 421. In the next 200 Hughes made breaks from 15 to 43; and the game was, Hughes 802; Duggan, 482. As this hundred was being concluded, Hughes won his brother's money, by playing a break most scientifically, and scored 60 before he left off. In the ninth hundred Mr. Duggan improved in his game at the conclusion, the scores being, Hughes, 901; Duggan, 556. The last hundred seemed to have aroused all Duggan's energies, he having improved his points to 701 before the game was scored by Hughes, in three hours and thirty-six minutes. Mr. Duggan was evidently overmatched from the commencement, and suffering from indisposition; nevertheless, he played with great patience and perseverance. The winner, Alfred Hughes, is decidedly a most promising and rising player, who bids fair even at the present time to rival his brother, "the renowned Charley," whose confidence in his skill enabled him so pluckily to back Alfred to score the large number of fifty in a single break, when half the game had been scored. The return match, in which Hughes had to give Duggan 50 points for £10, on Mr. Duggan's own table, has fallen to the ground, Mr. Duggan forfeiting.

THE NIAGARA BASE BALL CLUB, of Lockport, N. Y, elected its officers a few days since, as follows:—President, F. I. Massey; Vice President, E. C. Mathar; Secretary, W. D. Palmer; Treasurer, J. Witbeck; Directors, W. Trevor, D. Disinger and J. Disinger. Several resolutions were passed on the occasion, complimentary to some of the gentlemen connected with the organization, and hopeful of future success. The club was formed last Spring, and during the season they played six match games, in all of which they were successful, with the exception of one.

THE OLYMPIC BASE BALL CLUB, of Louisville, Ky., played their initiatory game on the 14th ult., and we are informed several other clubs will follow their example soon. The officers of the above-named club are S. C Robinson, President; C Swager, Vice President; Scott Symmes, Secretary; Wm Cornwall, Treasurer. Directors, Messrs. Powell, Brooks and Cornwall.

CRICKET AT BRIDGEPORT, CT.—Two members of the Wheeler & Wilson club of that place, named respectively R Gardiner and Thos. Millington, played a match at single wicket, for five dollars a side, on the 29th ult., which Gardiner succeeded in winning, by five runs and one innings; his score being seven against his opponent's two.

THE EAST NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.—It appears to be high tide with Hudson, of that club, for, in his enthusiasm for the game, he has induced them to commence operations already. They held their opening day on Saturday last. Their regular monthly meeting occurs on the evening of Wednesday, April 3.

THE NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB will hold their spring meeting at an early date. Several matches have been already arranged, and Crossley is putting things in ship shape order at Hoboken. Ball here! Quick sharp! These familiar shouts will soon be heard; so make ready, all hands.

CRICKET CONVENTION.—Are we to have a convention this spring? If so, let us know when and where. Come Messieurs Philadelphians, you have this matter in hand, we believe.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—A trial of skill between Christopher Kleintz and Adam Bahser, came off recently at the hotel of Harry Bender, Red Bank, N. J., for a purse of $20. They shot at eight birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards bounds, 1¼ ounce of shot. The following is the score:—

Kleintz.....11111011—7 out of 8 | Bahser.....01010110—4 out of 8

Won by Kleintz.

ANOTHER $10 "POP."—Mr. Bahser wishing again to test the efficiency of his "shooting iron," immediately proceeded to shoot another match at three birds each, on the same conditions as the former, but with no better luck.

Kleintz.....111—3 | Bahser.....110—2

A ROWING CLUB has been formed at Toronto, C. W., by the boys of the Model Grammar School. They have purchased a six oared outrigger boat, built by Knapp, of Kingston, for $150. The officers for 1861 are:—President, J. R. Robertson; Captain, R. C. Jennings; Secretary and Treasurer, L. H. Robertson.

A SHOOTING MATCH took place at Brookville, Pa., on the 22d ult., between Wm. McCollough and C. Butler, for $10 a side, the one shooting the longest distance to win, the former to use a common squirrel rifle, and the latter a United States "Minie." It resulted in favor of Butler.

BERGER IN HAVANA.—Berger, the "French Billiard," gave three exhibitions of his skill, recently, in Col. Wood's tent, in Havana.

LACROSSE CLUB.—The second annual meeting of the Excelsior Lacrosse Club, of Montreal, was held on the 22th ult., at Nordheimer's Hall, when the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing season: President, Alexander McIntyre; Vice President, Alexander Sutherland; Secretary, Alexander Brodie; Treasurer, Thomas Marshall; Field Captain, George Hunter; Committee, Messrs E. Murray, R. Gardner, Aug. Sutherland, R Hyde, and R Napier.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 407.

In Richmond, Va., the legislative bodies now in session at the Capital and the Hall of the Convention, held forth nightly in declamation and oratory, and this new arrangement materially interferes with the attendance at the regular theatre, especially as before these nightly sessions were held, the delegates used frequently, to attend the dramatic performances, with a view, it is thought, of improving their oratorical powers, for which there is ample room among the majority of them, for there are but few eloquent speakers in either body. Our correspondent, "H C," of date March 29, says: "Mr. C. W. Couldock is now the star that illumines the theatrical firmament in this meridian, and assuredly he is an attractive orb. On Monday last he made his first appearance here, before a very good house, the play being Bourcicault's "Willow Copse," Mr. Couldock taking the character of Luke Fielding. I have witnessed many fine performances, both in this country and in England but I must confess I never saw a more thorough and artistic impersonation than that of Mr. Couldock's Luke Fielding. From beginning to end it was a masterly effort, and well deserved the loud and frequent outbursts of applause it elicited. The sterling integrity of character, and the true nobility of feeling and action that characterises the sturdy English farmer, never had a better representative on the stage than Luke Fielding, and certainly it would be difficult to find a better Luke Fielding than that of Mr. Couldock. On Tuesday, he played in "Richelieu," and his personation of the ambitious minister of Louis was a very able effort, but decidedly inferior in excellence to his Luke Fielding, which is evidently his greatest character. Last night the "Willow Copse" was again played to a delighted audience, the compliment of being called before the curtain at the close of the second and third acts being paid Mr. Couldock on each occasion of his performance of Luke Fielding. He has been ably supported by the several members of the company, among whom, for their creditable acting on the above occasions, I would specially mention Mrs. Phillips and Mrs Vernon. Last evening the "Cricket on the Hearth" was performed, Mr. Couldock taking the character of Caleb Plummer, which he played admirably throughout. This piece was capitally presented on the stage, the scenery being very attractive. By the way, Miss Sallie Partington was very effective, both as Meg in the "Willow Copse," and as Tilly Slowboy in the "Cricket on the Hearth," these two characters apparently just suiting her. She sung the song of the "Saileur Boy," in the latter play, rather too well, however, as it cannot be given too harshly or absurdly. I have heard it in the streets of London, where it is done to perfection.....The political excitement is playing the mischief with the attendance at the theatres. At the present time of writing, some trouble is expected in relation to taking some government cannon through this city, and the prospect of a riot and an embryo revolution attracts the secessionists to the streets. I lately saw the poll lists of the city, and on looking over the names of the several voters, I ascertained who of the company at this theatre, entitled to a vote, were Unionists, and who Secessionists. You would be surprised were I to tell you of one who voted for disunion.

Hough's Dramatic Company opened in Brigham's Hall, Binghampton, N. Y., March 21, with "Lucretia Borgia" and "Jenny Lind;" Miss Stanly Hosmer as star. Hough intends to stay there three weeks.

Mr. Neafie commences at the Glasgow Theatre Royal, April 1st. He was last at Edinburgh.

Miss "Rose Howard" and Mr. H. Watkins are in London, arranging for a provincial tour.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Rede, the widow of the late Leman Rede, the popular author and dramatist, whom she has survived sixteen years, died in London on the 5th ult., from disease of the heart. Under her maiden name of Miss Cooke, the deceased was well known as an actress. Her first appearance was made at the Theatre Royal, Bath, in 1810, and the last time she performed on the stage was at the Plymouth Theatre in 1856. Mrs. Leman Rede was in her sixty-fourth year.

POOR LOLA MONTEZ has not descended to the grave unsung. The following lines on her are the composition of Mr. G. Peel, an English comedian, and reflect equal honor on his head and heart:—

"In the deep stillness of the night,
A phantom came upon my sight.
The Likeness of a Woman, fair,
But prematurely worn by Care,
Upon whose features pale were traced,
Remains of Beauty half effaced;
And on my dreaming senses stole
The Accents of a parting soul.
* * * * *
"Think on the dead, on one whose name,
But added to her sex's shame;
Whose Life in one long Folly past,
Ceases from troubling now at last.
Disowned by Woman, left by Man,
Left in her latest hour to scan
The vista of her Destiny,
Breaking the bread of charity."
* * * * *
I woke and found the Phantom gone,
The creatures of a dream; alone,
The deep impression on my mind,
Of those sad words remained behind,
And bade me ponder long and well,
On a true story, brief to tell.
Beyond the broad Atlantic wave,
Lola, the lost, hath found a grave,
The only home, the one poor spot,
Where she may rest at peace, forgot.
A castaway from human ties,
She finds in Death what Life denies,
Her Life a warning, and her Fate,
A Lesson, learned by *her* too late.
The old, old tale, so often told,
Of Virtue lost and Beauty sold,
A wedded child—deserted bride,
Reckless of what might then betide.
Life spread for her a chequered page,
Called to a Palace from a Stage,
A Monarch at her feet, his throne
And Queenly rank almost her own;
Ruin, Disgrace, Exile, Disguise,
Her fall as sudden as her Rise,
A wanderer up and down the earth,
Far from the land which gave her birth,
Remorseful, penitent in Death,
She yields to Him who gave her breath,
Sighing one last prayer, that in Heaven,
The Magdalen may be forgiven."

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Avenue
42-3m* HARRY EAMES, President.

THE FOLWELL AND GORDON DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT came off on Thursday evening, the 28th ult., at Dramatic Hall, Houston street. It was largely attended, and commenced with the last act of "Robert Macaire," which passed off very creditably, considering that some of the gentlemen who were to play, failed to keep their word. C. Folwell, as Robert Macaire, was commendable. Messrs. G. Gordon, P. J. Healy, and Goodfellow were all good in their respective *roles*. Between the pieces, Mr. George Dessoye, formerly manager of the Jefferson D. A., gave some of his Irish eccentricities. The "Unfinished Gentleman" followed, with Messrs E. S. Graham, C. Folwell, M Everett, and Goodfellow, in the principal parts. E. S. Graham, as Lord Totterly, had a very good conception of the character, and as he took the part at only a moment's notice, we shall not comment further. Mr. Everett, as Bill Downey, showed a lack of confidence, although he was in excellent voice, and is a good reader. C. Folwell showed considerable skill in his rendition of Jem Miller; his make-up and acting were really good, exhibiting some excellent points, which would have done credit to others older in the profession. The ladies, Misses Lamont and Page, acquitted themselves in an excellent manner. "La Tour de Nesle" was next performed, and met with great success; the principal characters being well sustained by Messrs. Stevens, Keene, G. Gordon, C. Folwell, P. J. Healy, J. Sharp, and Livingston. Considering the absence of good acting in the minor characters of the play, we think "La Tour de Nesle" was better played on this occasion than at any other time we remember. Mr. Keene's Buridan was very good. Miss Amy Davenport personated Marguerite commendably. Her make up was good. George Gordon, a young actor, assumed the arduous *role* of Gaultier D'Ainay, which he gave in an excellent manner. The Phillipe D'Ainay of Mr. Folwell was truthful. P. J. Healy, and J. Sharp deserve particular mention, in the characters of Orsini and Landri. The Count Savoisy of G. Livingston, was the best thing we have seen of this gentleman.

ON DIT.—Some of the prominent amateurs intend to get up a performance of "Richelieu," to enable E. S. Keene to personate the Cardinal.

THE JOE JEFFERSON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION give a performance at Dramatic Hall, on the 21 inst. "London Assurance," and "Perfection" constitute the bill.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

THE SEASONS AND THEIR SPORTS.

DEVOTEES of the various forms which out-door sports assume among us will no doubt, if readers of the CLIPPER, well remember the advice we gave them at the last holidays as to the most pleasant and profitable methods of passing the "winter of their discontent," then set in. We recounted debating and literary societies, and such improving intellectual games as chess and draughts, etc. We still think our advice excellent, in fact, the best that could have been given, and hope it was extensively adopted; and, upon the opportunity of the season, we intend to renew, extend, and re-enforce it. But now the season again hastens to a change, and an altogether different aspect of the question presents itself to our view, and calls forth our reflections. A few of these it is our purpose here to present.

The lengthening days, the vivifying rays of the sun, the evident signs of dissolution and the passing away of Winter, and his concomitant train, all call "he! for the field," so soon to present the green blade and the fresh, elastic turf produced by the grateful touch of Spring's genial wand. But while we say these thoughts are brought to mind by the passing appearance of the changing season now with us, remember that, however near, and sure, and exciting by their closely anticipated delights your forthcoming enjoyments are, they are, as yet, but expectations—fruit tempting to the eye and luscious in color, but which the better judgment tells us is not yet ripe to plucking, and must yet be abstained from for a small space. And now for our advice. You will take it in good part, we know, assured that it is meant for your benefit, and for that solely.

The proper time is now at hand to close off your chess and draught matches, forward to the CLIPPER such scores and summaries as will be of public interest and utility to put on record; and to fulfil all society engagements without entering into more. Now is the time to overhaul your membership rolls, and take a critical inventory of the amount and condition of all sorts of the *materiel* applicable to clubs for out-door exercise and amusement. Repair and refit the still serviceable, and replace the old with new, that such notes of mere preparation may not mar by delays your sports once actually entered. We hope no financial matters were laid up "to winter" unclosed; if there were we hope the trouble they will now cost you will teach a wiser policy at the close of another season. Better enter a "due" to "Profit and Loss" at once than try to winter it; this is a thing over which the vivifying wand of Spring has no power. Exert yourself now to induce all your old supporters to re-enlist in the good cause, and especially strive to secure the enlistment of new recruits. Now, emphatically, let every member of every club exert himself in this direction, as through this channel every one has an opportunity of achieving a positive good. Go to some friend who is too much confined in-doors for his health, voluntary or otherwise does not affect its results on him, who is pale, and thin, and weak—even sickly it may be, and enlist him in the sport you most love; or even, if that perchance be for the present unsuited to his ability or inclination, introduce to his attention and acceptance some other phase of exhilirating and out-of-door pastime. By such an act your own heart shall bound higher with the approving consciousness of having performed a good act in benefitting a fellow being. You have prolonged and blessed a life, awakened higher and brighter hopes, and made a friend happier in himself and pleasanter to all around him.

Then, as the ripened season smiles benignantly, and beckons approach, begin moderately, a little at first; and soon with the old spirit upon you you will find yourself possessed of the old measure of ability to perform and enjoy, and yourself and friends shall together go on to ambitious heights of excellence crowned by victory.

Another word of caution. Enter not upon the coming season for mere purposes of ambitious rivalries and selfish victories. This question of championship is too apt to lead to but an unsatisfactory and most unstable honor and position, at the best; and its too eager coveting, to many heart-burnings and undignified controversies, which detract sadly from the legitimate results of true sport—relaxation, pleasure, exercise, and health. If you win by superior skill, bear your honors with becoming modesty, and beware of making it an occasion of arrogance and boasting; the future esteem of and pleasurable relations with your friends, your momentary competitors, are of price infinitely above the utterance of an idle boast, as unsubstantial as a school boy's bubble: if you win by some fortuitous circumstance, have the penetration to see and the candor to acknowledge it, and avoid all assumptions of triumph in that connection. If you lose, be forearmed to bear it with an equal mind; "try again," and by no means talk about abandoning the club to which your faith and co-operation for the season is plighted, simply for the temporary condition of defeat.

Lastly, when in the present phase of the season you are not occupied by such or similar preparations for turf, or field, or flood, for yourself, or in recruiting friends for your ranks; and you find yourself getting irrepressibly impatient to go upon your muscle in some shape—still shun the field too damp, the turf too soft, the air still reeking with the pestilential miasma, the inseparable as inevitable and unpleasant companion of Spring's footsteps—the evil spirit of her train. What shall you do? Why, thanks to the progress of the times and the improved appreciation of their utility, gymnasia abound within convenient reach of every one, where every muscle in the human body may be exercised in turn, from the gentlest possible beginnings to the most astounding feats of the most herculean gymnast. Employ and profit by these golden opportunities, and thus reap physical as well as mental preparation for the first few somewhat dangerous appearances in the regular arena of your accustomed sport. Thus, speedily re-arriving at the highest point of proficiency attained the last season, you shall go forward to far greater attainments of excellence for its own sake, and of its rewards in health, happiness and development.

HIGH OLD SPORTS.—They must have a jolly set of sporters in the New Jersey Legislature, if we are to credit the following report of the closing scenes of this body, as described by a New Jersey paper. It says that "members began to get noisy, and paper balls and orange peel were flung about with the usual license accorded to an expiring session in the House. Another symptom of dissolution was seen in the open spoliation of the desks of the members, which were bereft of inkstands, and, indeed, of every loose thing. Even the scrap baskets were abstracted, some members taking besides their own, all the others they could lay their hands on, leaving the modest men minus everything. Even the mat and rug under the Speaker's desk were stolen. A resolution of inquiry was read, asking whether the tall member from Passaic, Mr. Pope, when he went to bed, folded himself up like a rule, shut himself up like a jack knife, or was driven down like a telescope; whether it was possible by greasing Jersey lightning to make it slide down Russling's throat any easier, etc. Finally, a notice came in from the Senate that that grave body was ready to adjourn, and requested the presence of the Assemblymen in the Senate Chamber.'

RIFLE SHOOTING.—The San Francisco Rifle Company had a shooting for prizes on the 22d of February. After shooting with the leaden all, the sport wound up with quite a different sort of ball in the evening, in which the feet played the most prominent part.

YACHTING.—The coming season among the 22 feet yachts on the Delaware, at Philadelphia, promises to be more exciting than the last. A correspondent in that city says that the John Guyant, Jr., formerly known as the Wm. F. Warnock, is the fastest yacht on the Delaware, and is faster than anything we have in New York waters, if the Aubendale, of Perth Amboy, is a criterion, for the Guyant sailed two races with her for $500 each, and won both. He says, however, that they intend to come on this way with their yacht, in June, when the Yorkers can have an opportunity of trying her with anything of her size. Her dimensions are 24 feet on the keel, and 22 feet on deck; she is reported as having sailed a race with the G. M. Hill, beating her for $500. Our correspondent further states that the Guyant will sail a race with any boat of her dimensions, in the United States, for from $500 to $5000, the race to come off at a place named by mutual consent. Man and money ready at Geo. Tallman's, Beach street above Noble, Philadelphia. So we thus have the first shot now fired in the forthcoming campaign. Will the Hill respond, or can New York "show cause?"

NABBING A WILD CAT.—On the 20th ult., two sports, residing at Lime Stone, Danbury, Conn., being out in search of adventures, struck upon what appeared in the snow to be a fox track. Further observation, however, convinced the friends that it was the track of a wild cat. Keeping in the dogs (three in number) they followed the track, crossing several mountains, near one of which they expected to find their intended prey; until, arriving at Joe's Hills, they concluded they could start him. "Go" was the word for the dogs, which were soon off, and in a little more time brought the cat so near one of the sports, as to induce him to shoot. This had the effect of diverting the course of the animal, towards the other sport, who levelled him, closely pursued as he was by the dogs, and displaying all the signs of ferocity. Shouldering their booty, the friends took him home, a distance of twelve miles, stopping on the road, for the purpose of ascertaining his weight, which they found to be 29 lbs.

LADIES EQUESTRIAN CLUB.—An organization of this kind has just been formed by parties residing in the city of Washington, including two ladies who preside over the hospitalities of foreign legations. They have agreed to meet in saddle every week day, providing the weather be fine, under a forfeiture of a quarter of an eagle for each neglect to so appear, which is to go into a fund for the relief of the poor. The time at which the fair and interesting cavalcade is to start is half-past six—too early, we hear, to meet the approval of some of the cavaliers anxious to be in attendance.

LADIES ON THE TRIGGER.—Four ladies, of Selma, Ala., Miss Jenny O., Miss Sallie McL., Miss V. M., and Miss A. G., recently went out on a shooting match with rifles—distance fifty yards. The first named won the prize by making two centre shots. The poorest shot was only 3¼ inches from the centre. The prize was given by the young gentlemen of Selma. Wonder if they hit any other mark but the target.

THE SPORTING WORLD IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Saturday, March 9th, 1861.

DEAR CLIPPER—I must make up my weekly budget this time with sundries, as I am confident that if I confine myself strictly to the doings in the Prize Ring, it will cut a meagre appearance, and cause some of your readers to conclude that Marksman has been taken with a fit of indolence, and forgotten his pledge. In my last letter I gave full details of the benefit for the Pugilistic Benevolent Association. I then stated that I could not tell you the amount taken for admission; I also hinted that on account of its following so closely on the heels of the Coventry and Nat Langham's, I concluded that it would not turn out to be so profitable an affair as either of these. In this surmise I find I was right, for I discovered that the sum total collected at the doors amounted to only £71 15s. This, with the amount of the tickets, will not bring it up near the mark of the two former ones. I was at the committee meeting the other day, when it was stated that this Association's total receipts from all sources since its formation amounted to £1,631 11s.; whilst on the other hand, the sums paid to sick members, and other expenses, had come near the receipts, as the disbursements amount to £1,452 3s; thus leaving only a balance of £173 8s in the Society's favor. This appears a small sum, and ought at once to be seen into by the members of the P. R., who as a body, I am sorry to say, show a great amount of apathy about that to which at any time each of them is liable to become chargeable.

Tom Tyler and Billy Shaw have at last "come to," and on Thursday night last signed and sealed articles for a match for £100 a side; to come off on Tuesday, September the 3d. They have each staked a fiver, to fight at 8st 10lb, in the Home Circuit, and to go to scale the night before the mill.

The members of the many art residing in the provinces are also up and bestirring themselves, as a match has been made with two provincial lads, Burgess and Clark, of Liverpool, to fight on the 18th of June next, in the Home Circuit, at catch weight, for a century a side.

The other great events keep progressing satisfactorily, and Nat Langham intends next week to give the Liverpoolites an opportunity of taking stock of three of the candidates for the forthcoming big events, viz: Mace, the candidate for the Championship; King, matched with Poulson; and Bob Travers, matched with Bodger Crutchley. It appears that they have taken the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, for a joint benefit, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and on the Wednesday and Thursday following they intend to look up their friends in Manchester.

I am now led to conclude that it was nothing more than a *farce*, got up for the purpose of Cushing's benefit, when it was stated that Tom Sayers was about to visit America with Messrs Howes & Cushing, for I find that the latter gentlemen have advertised places in England which they intend to visit, and where Sayers will appear twice during each performance, up to Monday, May 6th, and as that list will not include half the towns in England, I think it will be some long time ere Tom sets his foot on the shores of the stars and stripes.

I am pleased to have to record that two benefits are in progress for two good "old 'uns," viz, Jemmy Shaw and Peter Crawley. Jemmy Shaw's takes place at the house of one of England's Champions, Jem Ward, on Monday night next, when most of the best men in England have promised to come forward and assist old Jemmy. Peter Crawley's will take place in a short time, under the patronage of the gentlemen's committee of the P. B. A, and from the list of men who have offered to come forward to assist him, I have no doubt but what it will be well carried out, and do credit to all concerned, as well as aid materially to increase the finances of one of the best men that ever England produced, or ever stepped in shoe leather.

The aquatic world appears to be on the stir, and a match was made a short time back with Tom Pocock, of London, and J. H. Clasper, of Newcastle upon-Tyne, to row on the Thames on the 25th of April, from Putney to Mortlake, for £50 a side. Articles were signed, and everything put in embryo for the contest; Pocock taking up his quarters at Barnes, whilst Clasper remained at Newcastle. I am sorry to say that I have just received the intelligence that the match in all probability will be likely to fall to the ground, for on Wednesday evening last, Clasper slipped down a ladder placed at the end of the boat house on the Tyne, and fell to the ground, thereby spraining his ankle, and of course preventing him from going on with his training.

Some most extraordinary feats in the pedestrian line have of late been accomplished in England. Amongst those taking high rank, I may give the following: Last Wednesday morning, Henry Howard, of Brighton, well known for his extraordinary long wind, and as a long distance runner, undertook to run *one hundred miles in eighteen hours*, close to Gravesend. He accomplished 94 in less than 17 hours, and then gave up, the last mile being covered in 7 minutes. The reason of his giving in was not from want of bodily power, but caused by having a racking headache and giddiness, occasioned by the continuous noise of the assembled thousands who were present to see this herculean feat performed.

The great Liverpool Spring Meeting commences on Tuesday, and on Wednesday the Grand National Steeple Chase will take place, an event which has not for many years been surrounded with such an amount of interest as it is this year. 'Tis true that the Liverpool Steeple Chase takes rank as the greatest race of its kind in England, and in the steeple chase world it is almost as important as the Epsom Derby. Indeed, it has ere this been designated "the blue riband" of cross country and jumping encounters, as the prize is so rich, and the ambition to be enrolled as winners of this event is as great amongst steeple chasers as the great event at Epsom is to the flat racers. The acceptances for this race this year have exceeded by far any preceding one since 1850, and out of the 64 accepting, I expect to find that about twenty five will come to the post, viz: Jealousy, Emperor, Anatis, Freshman, Master Bagot, Franc Picard, Redwing, Tom Moody, Xanthus, The Dane, Westminster, Comet, Doubtful, The Tattler, Longrange, Prince Charming, Tom Sayers, Kilcock, Bridegroom, Cockatoo, Brunette, Old Benkoe, Chester, The Colonel, Jean de Quesne, and Conductor. The lot of six that I should select to beat the field, would be Jealousy, Emperor, Anatis, The Freshman, Franc Picard, and Master Bagot; and were I to go for *one alone*, commend me to my old favorite, Jealousy, and as she will have the able assistance of Kendall in the saddle, I see no reason to think anything in the race can beat her. The betting within the last twenty four hours has undergone a very great change. The French horse, Franc Picard, has been for some time a great *pet*, but he is now sent to the right about, and this afternoon the betting is as follows: 6 to 1 against Jealousy, 8 to 1 against Master Bagot; 9 to 1 against The Freshman; 9 to 1 against Anatis; 12 to 1 against Franc Picard; 12 to 1 against Old Ben Roe; 16 to 1 against Bridegroom; 20 to 1 against Xanthus; 20 to 1 against Redwing; 20 to 1 against Cockatoo; 40 to 1 against The Dane; 40 to 1 against Cornet; 40 to 1 against Brunette; 40 to 1 against Kilcock; 50 to 1 against The Colonel; 50 to 1 against Irish Emigrant; 50 to 1 against Doubtful, and 50 to 1 against Tom Moody. MARKSMAN.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

NEW YORK VS PHILADELPHIA.—Our champion is not only hard at work at his match, but a great deal too hard at work with outsiders at the same time. Much surprise is expressed, to use no stronger term, that his seconds, if true friends, do not advise him against such a course. We should think the gentlemen of the club would have a clearer sense of propriety than to urge such contests upon him—unless, indeed, this is one of the ways deliberately taken to break him down, and so secure for them a victory in the principal event. If this be it, however, even this with all the rest is likely to fail in its object, however undesirably it may succeed in protracting the contest. The score on the 28th ult., stood as follows:—

MATCH—Drawn....	1	Dwight.....	8
OUTSIDE— "	6	Opponents....	14
Total, Drawn....	7	Oppenents....	17

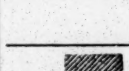
Leonard...	5
" ...	12
Leonard...	17

OFFICIAL NOTICE.—A meeting of the Committee of the Kappner & Klatzi Testimonial was holden on Saturday evening, 30th ult., and the matter is now put in course of speedy completion. All gentlemen who have not handed in their subscription are requested to do so at once, that the Committee may make their purchases and fulfil their duty. The Chairman is Treasurer *pro tem*, during Mr. Leonard's absence. If fixed upon in time, the night of presentation will be announced in the "inside."

MIRON J. HAZELTINE, Chairman.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—We anticipate announcing, in full, the "Clipper Chess Problem Tournament," next week.

ENIGMA No. 269.
Between Des Guis and Preti.

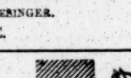


at Q 6, Q B 7, K 7, Q R 3d

at Q R 5, K B 2d.

Des G. (White) moves and wins.

ENIGMA No. 270.
From Philidor.



at K R 2, Q R 2d.

at Q Kt 6, Q R 6th.

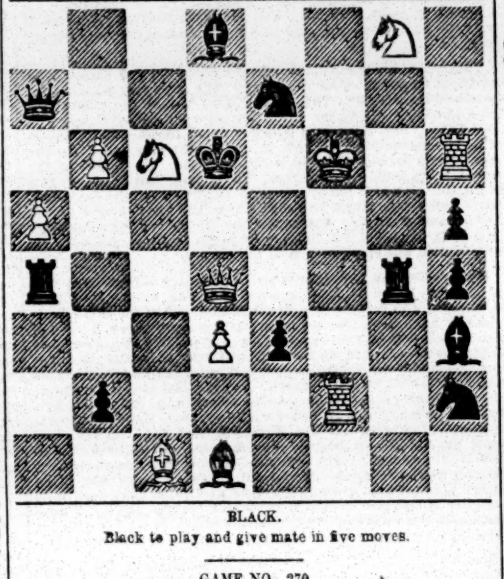
Black, with the move, draws.

PROBLEM No. 270—MIRON'S TOURNEY No. 8.

"*Similia Similibus Curantur.*"

BY JOHN SCHLEININGER.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME NO. 270.

Three *parties* won by our contributor Mr. Leonard, in capital style, of three strong players of the Philadelphia Chess Club.

No I.—With Mr. Jacob Elson.

KISG'S GAMBIT EVADED.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Elson.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Elson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..Q Kt to B 3	K Kt×Kt (*b*)
2..P-K B 4	K B-B 4	17..Kt P×Kt	P-Q R 3 (*c*)
3..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..K B×Kt	Q B×B
4..P-Q B 3	P-Q 3	19..K Kt×B	Q×K Kt
5..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	20..Q R-K sq +	K-his B sq
6..P-Q 4	K P×P	21..Q R-K 5	Q R-Q sq
7..B P×P	K B-Kt 5 +	22..K R-K sq	P-K Kt 3
8..Q B-Q 2	K Kt×P	23..P-K B 5	Kt P×P
9..Q B×B	Q Kt×B	24..Kt P×P	K R-Kt sq +
10..Q-her R 4 +	Q Kt-B 3	25..K-his R sq	K-his Kt 2
11..Castles (*a*)	P-Q 4	26..Q-her Kt 4	K R-K sq
12..B-Q Kt 5	Q B-Q 2	27..Q R-K 7	P-Q R 4
13..Q-her Kt 3	B-K B 4	28..Q-her R 3	Q-her Kt 4
14..K Kt-K 5	Q-her 3	29..P-K B 6 +	K×B P (*d*)
15..P-K Kt 4	Q B-Q 2	30..P-Q B 4, and	

Mr. Elson resigned.

(*a*) If 11..K B to Q 5th, the Defence castles; and if P to Q 5th, K Kt to B 4th, with the better game.

(*b*) If Defence play 16..Q Kt takes Q P, the game would proceed:

17..Q Kt×Kt	Q Kt×Q	20..Kt-Kt 6 dis +	K to Q sq
18..Q Kt×Q +	B P×Kt	21..Kt×Q R	Kt-Q B 7
19..K Kt×B	Q Kt×R	22..Kt-Q B 7, &c., winning.	

(*c*) Drawing it too fine; he should have castled at once.

(*d*) If K to Kt sq, P-Q B 4 equally wins; and if K to R sq, then thus:—

30..Q to her B 5	Q to her R 5	32..Q×B P (2)	Q to her R 5
31..Q×R P	Q-her B 3 (1)	38..Q-K 5, and wins.	

(1) She cannot leave this diagonal.

(2) The plight which compels the Defence to submit to all this impudence is truly pitiable.

The above variations are by Mr. Leonard.

No. II.—With Mr. Reichelm.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Leonard.	Reichelm.	Leonard.	Reichelm.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..Q Kt to K 4	K Kt to his 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	15..Q-her 2	K Kt×P
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	16..K Kt×Kt	Kt×K Kt
4..P-K Kt 4	B×Kt P	17..Q-her 5	Kt-Q B 3
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	18..Kt-Q 6 + (*e*)	B P×Kt
6..Castles	P-Q 3	19..Q×Q P	K B-Q sq
7..P-Q 4	K P×P	20..K R-K sq +	Q B-K 3
8..B P×P	K B-Kt 3	21..Q R-Q B sq	Q-her 2
9..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-Kt 5	22..Q R×Kt	Q×Q
10..K B-Kt 5	Q B-Q 2	23..R×Q dis +	K-his B sq
11..P-K 5	Q P×P	24..Q B×B	P-K Kt 3
12..Q P×P	K Kt-K 2	25..B-K B 6, and	
13..Q B-Kt 5	Q-her B sq	Mr. Reichelm resigned.	

(*e*) Very brilliant and very decisive.

No. III.—With Mr. Wm. G. Thomas.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Leonard.	Thomas.	Leonard.	Thomas.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	19..P to K R 5	P to Q Kt 5
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	20..P-K R 6	K R-Q Kt sq
3..P-Q 4	K P×P	21..R P×P (*g*)	P-Q Kt 6
4..Q×Q 2d P	K Kt-B 3	22..P-Q R 3	K B×R P
5..Q Kt-B 3	K B-K 2	23..P-Q B 4	B×Kt P +
6..Q B-K 3	Castles	24..Q×K B	P-Q R 6
7..Castles	Q Kt-B 3	25..Q-K R 2	Q×Kt 2d P
8..Q-her 2	Q B-Q 2	26..Kt P×P	Q-K B 2
9..K B-Q 3	P-Q R 3	27..Q R-Kt sq +	K-his R sq
10..P-K R 3	P-Q Kt 4	28..Q R-Kt 7	P-Q Kt 7 +
11..Q Kt-Q 5	K Kt×Kt	29..K-Q 2 (*h*)	P-Kt 8 (Kt) +
12..K P×Kt	Q Kt-Kt 4	30..K B×Kt	K R-Kt 7 +
13..Kt×Q Kt	Q P×Kt	31..B-Q B 2	R×K B +
14..P-K B 4 (*f*)	K B-Q 3	32..K×K R	B×B 1st P +
15..P-K B 5	Q-K 2	33..K-Q B 3	Q×B 2d P
16..P-K Kt 4	P-K B 3	34..Q×R P +	Q B×Q
17..P-K R 4	P-Q R 4	35..K R×B,	
18..P-K Kt 5	P-Q R 5	Checkmate.	

(*f*) The cavalry having explored the field, and even fallen, to the apparent satisfaction of both commanders, the bayonet charge is mutually sounded, and the columns on either right wing advance *en echelon* with a skill and spirit to command admiration.

(*g*) The positions evolved are in a very high degree exciting.

(*h*) The excitement intensifies till the *denouement* is wrought up to a pitch of true tragic intensity.

☞ To the joint kindness of Messrs. Kappner & Klatzl, and Mr. Louis Wright, Leonard's indefatigable friend and secretary, we are indebted for the earliest score of these brilliant games.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. MCLAUGHLIN, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Stamps received. Book will be forwarded.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—"Will O' The Wisp" this week.

MARY E M., Winooski Falls, Vt.—Waiting.

BLYTHE.—Send along that move.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 82.—VOL. VIII.

BY A. B. C.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..15	to 19	17	to 14 (A	5.. 4	to 8	6	to 2
2..19	26	31	22	6.. 8	11	2	6
3..16	19	14	10	7.. 9	13	6	10
4.. 5	9	10	6	8..11	16, and wins.		
			(A)				
1..		31	26	4..19	24	28	19
2.. 4	8	17	14	5..11	15, and wins.		
3.. 8	11	14	10				

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 17TH POSITION.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..14	to 17	23	to 26	4..10	to 14	26	to 30
2..15	19	22	25	5..14	17	22	18
3..17	21	25	22		Drawn.		

GAME No. 46.—VOL. VIII.

From the American Draught Player.

"WILL O' THE WISP."—BY C. H. IRVING.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	16..12	to 19	8	to 4
2.. 9	13	22	18 (*a*)	17..19	24 (*k*)	18	15
3..15	22	25	18	18..24	28 (*i*)	27	24
4.. 5	9 (*b*)	29	25	19.. 7	10 (*j*)	20	16
5..10	14	27	23	20..10	19	24	15
6.. 8	11	25	22 (*c*)	21..28	32	15	10
7.. 4	8	24	20 (*d*)	22.. 6	15	31	27
8.. 6	10	28	24	23..32	23	26	19
9.. 1	5	32	27 (*e*)	24.. 9	14	16	12
10..14	17	21	14	25..14	17	22	18
11..10	17	19	15	26..17	22	4	8
12.. 2	6 (*f*)	24	19	27..22	25	8	11
13..17	21 (*h*)	19	16	28..25	29	11	15
14..12	19	23	16	29..29	25	16	6
15.. 8	12 (*g*)	15	8	30..25	22	15	10

White wins.

Notes.

(*a*) 26 23 draws. (*b*) 10 14 draws. (*c*) 24 20 draws; 32 27 draws. (*d*) 19 15 draws. (*e*) 32 28 draws. (*f*) 9 14 draws. (*g*) 7 10 loses. (*h*) 6 10, 7 11, 7 10 lose. (*i*) 7 10 loses. (*j*) 28 32 loses. (*k*) 17 21 loses; 7 10 draws.

For play on all the above variations, see A. D. P.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
1..11	15		

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND J. A. J.

Black.—Mary.		White.—J. A. J.	
3.. 8	11	20	25
4.. 4	8	28	24

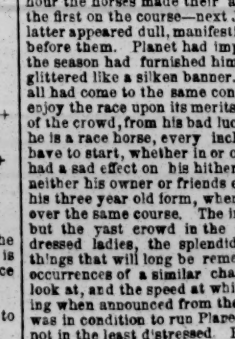
BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S.		White.—W. S. K.	
3.. 8	11	29	25
4.. 4	8	25	22
5..12	16		

POSITION No. 83.—VOL. VIII. THE 18TH POSITION OF STURGES.

BY A. L. H.

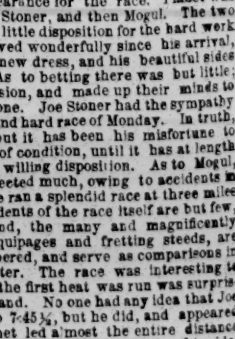
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE TURF.

RACING AT MOBILE.

In our last, we gave an account of the proceedings connected with the regular Spring Meeting, over the Magnolia Course, covering four days. On the fifth (March 13) two races came off; the first a sweepstakes for three year-olds, at two mile heats, in which Richard III, General Twiggs and Neill Robinson were entered; the two former only started. They had twice before met, and this time it was thought would decide the question of supremacy—as before they were "quits." The race, though not fast, was closely contested, and each heat was won by less than a length. They belong to two of the most popular young men on the Mobile turf, and whichever had won would have been gratifying to the crowd. General Twiggs, like the war-worn veteran whose name he bears, is destined to a great position, and by his side will be found Richard, equally honored. The incidents of the contest were many and animating, the two being scarcely ever more than a length apart; whether it could have been otherwise, the public know not. After the race was over, Col. Williamson invited all to a glass of wine, and often was success to General Twiggs drank in champagne.

Second Race.—The second race was for a Jockey Club Purse of $200, mile heats, in which Laura Farris and Col. Campbell's Glencoe horse started. This race, too, was quite interesting, as each heat was won by less than a length. Below is a summary:—

WEDNESDAY, March 13.—Sweepstakes for 3yr olds; two mile heats; $300 subscription, $100 forfeit, second horse to save his stake: $300 to be added by the club if the race is run; to close Jan. 1st, 1861.

W H Williamson's b c General Twiggs, by Brown Dick, out of Judah, by imp Sovereign.....1 1
H H Oliver's b c Richard III, by Brown Dick, dam by imp Belshazzar.....2 2
Capt. W. Cottrill's ch c Neill Robinson, by Wagner, dam by Glencoe.....pd ft

Time—3:52; 3:57.

Second Race.—Jockey Club Purse $200; mile heats.

A Roig's (T G Moore's) b m Laura Farris, by Lexington, dam by Margrave, 4 yr old.....1 1
John Campbell's b h by Glencoe, dam by Wagner, 4 yr old....2 2

Time—1:52½; 157.

THE SIXTH DAY (March 14,) was favorable for the racing, and a good attendance was the result. The race was at mile heats, 3 in 5, in which Twilight, Herndon and Col. Campbell's Wagner horse started. The race was very well contested each heat, particularly the last, as the three ran three quarters of a mile side by side. The betting was quite limited, Twilight being so much a favorite. Below is a summary:—

THURSDAY, March 14, 1861.—"Jockey Club Purse," $400; mile heats, 3 in 5.

Lewis E Smith's (T G Sander's) s f Twilight, by Lexington, dam by Eclipse, 3 yr old.....1 1 1
Cottrill & Brodnax's g g Herndon, by Albion, dam by Gamma, 4 yr old.....3 3 2
John Campbell's b h by Glencoe, dam by Wagner, 4 yr old..2 2 3

Time—1:51½; 1:50½; 1:50¾.

THE SEVENTH DAY, March 15, was a great and eventful time, "eventful to Cato and to Rome"—it was race day—the Four-Mile day—the closing day of the Magnolia Jockey Club. At the appointed hour the horses made their appearance for the race. Planet was the first on the course—next Joe Stoner, and then Mogul. The two latter appeared dull, manifesting little disposition for the hard work before them. Planet had improved wonderfully since his arrival, the season had furnished him a new dress, and his beautiful sides glittered like a silken banner. As to betting there was but little; all had come to the same conclusion, and made up their minds to enjoy the race upon its merits alone. Joe Stoner had the sympathy of the crowd, from his bad luck and hard race of Monday. In truth, he is a race horse, every inch, but it has been his misfortune to have to start, whether in or out of condition, until it has at length had a sad effect on his hitherto willing disposition. As to Mogul, neither his owner or friends expected much, owing to accidents in his three year old form, when he ran a splendid race at three miles over the same course. The incidents of the race itself are but few, but the vast crowd in the stand, the many and magnificently dressed ladies, the splendid equipages and fretting steeds, are things that will long be remembered, and serve as comparisons in occurrences of a similar character. The race was interesting to look at, and the speed at which the first heat was run was surprising when announced from the stand. No one had any idea that Joe was in condition to run Planet to 7:45½, but he did, and appeared not in the least distressed. Planet led almost the entire distance in both heats, Joe frequently at his heels, but never by his side, after going round the first turn. In the stretches Joe invariably increased his speed, but Planet neutralized it by the ease with which he glided round the turns. His graceful running was the remark of all. We append the

SUMMARY.

Thomas & Thomas W. Doswell's ch h Planet, by Revenue, out of Nina by Boston—y o.....1 1
Col. John Campbell's ch h Joe Stoner, by Wagner, dam by Glencoe, 4 y o.....2 2
H H Oliver's b h Mogul, by Sovereign, out of Old Stocking by Thornhill, 5 y o.....dis

Time—7:45½; 7:52½.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MARCH 12.—Curley and Ruff; £15 a side, Nottingham.
18.—White and Parkinson; £15 a side, catch weight, Birmingham District.
25.—H. Allen and H. Clark; £12 a side, 9 st, over ten and under fifty miles from Birmingham.
APRIL 2.—Jem Mace's Black and Owen Lee; £10 a side, catch weight—same ring as Haley and Gannon.
2.—John Haley and Mickey Gannon; £25 a side, catch weight—home district.
2.—Reardon and Shipp—£28 to £20, Bristol.
2.—Lea and Smith—£10 a side, London.
15.—R James, of Aberdare, and E. Llewellyn; £50 a side, Aberdare.
28.—J. Rooke and G. Crocket—£50 a side, 10st, home circuit.
24.—T. Bedford and J. Room's Novice; £5 a side, catch weight—within fifty miles of Birmingham.
30.—Bob Travers and Booger Crutchley; £50 a side, at 10 stone, Home circuit.
30.—Reeves and Hooker—£15 a side, London.
MAY 23.—Tom King and Harry Poulson; £100 a side, Home circuit.
JUNE —.—Sam Hurst and Jem Mace; £200 a side, and the Championship.
18.—Burgess and Clarke—£100 a side, London.
SEPT. 3.—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, London.

TRUCKLE AND KING.

Tommy Truckle, of Portsmouth, has been apprehended for a breach of the peace, in consequence of his contest with Young King, at Erith, on November 27. George Matthison also was apprehended at the same time for having taken an active part at the same fight. Both were committed for trial at the next assizes, to be held at Maidstone, March 12; but bail was accepted for their appearance. The following is from the *West Sussex Gazette*:—

"Thomas Truckle and George Matthison, both of Portsea, were brought up under a warrant of a justice for the county of Kent, charging them with engaging in a prize-fight, at Erith, in Kent, on the 27th of November last, against the peace of the Queen and her subjects. Mr. T. H. Field, of Gosport, attended for the prisoners. It appeared that in June last both prisoners were bound over to keep the peace for twelve months; but, notwithstanding, in the following November Truckle was training to fight a prize-fight, and, in consequence, he was apprehended and, on the 20th of November, again bound over to keep the peace for six months, himself in £100, and three sureties, one in £50 and two others in £25 each, one of the latter being Matthison. Truckle, nevertheless, not liking to 'truckle down,' on the 27th of November fought with one King, at Erith, and Matthison was proved to have taken an active part at the fight. At the close of the case for the prosecution Mr. Field said that, as it was not in the power of the magistrates to discharge the prisoner, he would not trespass upon their time, other than to address to them a few words with a view to obtain their consent to accept bail for the prisoners' appearance. The magistrates then retired, and on their return committed the prisoners for trial at the next assizes for the county of Kent, to be held at Maidstone on the 12th of March. They, however, consented to accept bail for the prisoners' appearance, themselves in £100 each, and two sureties for each in £50. The required sureties having been procured, the prisoners were liberated."

STIFFUN (JEM MACE'S POTBOY) TO CHALES LYNCH.

Young Stiffun, in answer to the falsehood promulgated by Lynch that he (Stiffun) was defeated for £5 a side in the home circuit, wishes to let the sporting world know that the *much vaunted conquest* was a public house business, for no money whatever. Stiffun went to Lynch's to spar for Hicks' benefit, after which a few cross words arose between Lynch, Stiffun, and Dove. The latter struck Mace's Potboy when sitting on a table. Of course this led to a scramble in front of the bar, and an adjournment to the sparring-room, when Stiffun finding himself the worse for liquor, wisely gave in. To prove that he fears neither Dove nor his master, he will make a match to fight Lynch at catch-weight, Dove, at 8st 2lb, or Stamp, of Norwich, at catch-weight, from £5 to £25 a side. Money always ready at Jem Mace's.

BILLIARDS.

ROBERTS AND BOWLES AT OXFORD.—MESSRS. Roberts and Bowles, the celebrated billiard players, gave their fashionable and scientific entertainment at Mr. Russell's large room, on Thursday, Feb. 28, and Friday, March 1, by the kind permission of the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor and Worshipful the Mayor. The announcement that the champion player and his colleague, Mr. Bowles, were about to visit Oxford caused quite a commotion in the billiard world, and the attendance on Friday evening was very large, the company chiefly consisting of the noblemen and gentlemen of the University. Play commenced at six o'clock, Mr. Roberts giving his opponent 300 in a thousand. Some very fine play took place on both sides, Mr. Bowles at an early stage of the game making 73 from his break. He afterwards marked 151, and was heartily applauded. Mr. Roberts from his break made the respective numbers of 83, 71, 62, and several 50's, but, despite the excellence of his play, was proclaimed the loser by 62 points. On Friday afternoon a second game of 1,000 up, with the same odds as before, took place. The play of the previous day was, if possible, surpassed in this match, the champions seeming to outvie each other in the brilliancy and accuracy of their strokes. The chief features of the game were the large numbers obtained from the breaks, Mr. Bowles making respectively 109, 91, and several numbers over 50, while Mr. Roberts in very fine form accomplished the extraordinary number of 180 without giving his opponent a chance. Amongst the other large breaks in this game may be mentioned one of 101. The result of the play left Mr. Roberts victorious by upwards of 50. Both players were heartily applauded throughout the progress of the match. A game of pyramids succeeded, when Mr. Bowles gained three out of four games. Another 1,000 match took place in the evening on the same conditions as before. This game took several decided turns, Mr Roberts catching his opponent almost at starting. Mr. Bowles then went right away, and was afterwards passed by Mr. Roberts. At the point when Bowles was 700 and Roberts about 800, the latter worked round and got the balls by the corner pocket. In this position he succeeded in making a hundred successive caroms, working the balls with a delicacy and accuracy worthy of mechanism. Although the total of this break amounted to 246, it is quite clear that Mr. Roberts could have continued his caroming for any length of time, The game being concluded, Mr. Roberts was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. The play throughout the tournament was of the best character, and the largest numbers ever made in England were recorded by Messrs. Bowles and Roberts. It should be observed that the pockets of the table on which the play took place are considerably smaller than usual.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ALL ENGLAND HANDICAP RACE OF 440 YARDS.—This long announced and anxiously expected event, came off on Monday, March 4th, on Mr. Baum's enclosed ground, at Hackney Wick. The prizes to be contended for, and liberally given by the proprietor, amounted to £30, to be apportioned thus:—£25 for the first man, £4 for the second, and £1 for the third: to be run for in heats. The weather, though cold, was fine, and there were about 1,000 spectators on the grounds. The course was in capital order, and the most perfect regularity prevailed. W. Price as usual acting as the M. C. The customary preliminaries having been adjusted, the bell at about half-past three o'clock gave notice of the commencement of the sports, which a few minutes afterwards came off as follows:—First heat: J. Nevin (the champion) from scratch, H. A. Reed of London 25 yards start, W. Richards of Millwall 35, W. Riley of Moorfields 40, this being the extreme distance allowed by the handicap. When the pedestrians had taken up their allotted positions the pistol was fired, when away they went. Riley and Richards led the van, followed by Reed, while in the rear came Nevin. Reed, while able to hold the pace, gained considerably on the leading men, but when opposite the entrance gate in the first lap he was compelled to resign. As the competitors went bounding up the back of the course, Riley, who had still the lead, kept gradually widening the gap between himself and opponents, and when coming into the straight, it was at once to be seen from his position, that he had the race well in hand, and on the finish he went in an easy winner, Richards second, Nevin third. Second heat: G. Beddows of the Grenadier Guards 4, J. Pudney of Mile End 30, T. Barker of Billingsgate 40; J. Grace of Marylebone 25 was placed to run in this heat, but did not come to the scratch. The betting was in favor of the Soldier against the field. The practised eye of the starter having seen that the whole of the "team" had taken up their allotted positions, the signal was given, when, on the instant, they dashed off, and a truly fine race ensued. Barker led at a terrific pace, followed by Pudney, while the son of Mars eagerly pursued his opponents, and when he came into the straight, he had evidently gained something on his men. On they went, Barker still maintaining the lead, while Pudney, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the Soldier, was yet able to keep his position. They now went booming up the rising ground and when near the pavilion Beddows was evidently gaining on Pudney; although the latter strained every nerve, still, step by step, his opponent closed upon him until they entered the straight, when Beddows obtained the second position. Beddows, on passing the Mile End Clipper, made a desperate effort to wrest the lead from Barker, but in this he did not succeed, for at the finish Barker went in the winner amidst deafening cheers. Third heat: J. White of Aldgate 20, R. Lewis of Clerkenwell 25 E. Mills of London 40; R. Medley of Colne from the scratch was placed to run in this heat, but did not start. This race was also well contested; the lead was held by Mills from the commencement to the finish, and he went in on the termination of the distance a fine winner, Lewis second, White third. Just as the men entered upon the second lap, White and Lewis came slightly in collision, but having broken clearly away they raced splendidly to the finish. Final heat: W. Riley of Moorfields 40, S. Barker of Billingsgate 40, E. Mills of London 40, had now to contend for final supremacy, and after due time had been allowed these successful competitors for "breathing," they again made ready for starting, and when Price saw that he had got the trio well at the mark, the pistol was fired, and off they went, the start on the part of all being well effected. The lead was taken by Mills and Riley, and in this manner they raced until coming up the back of the course in the second lap, when Riley, who was just in advance, finding Mills wanted to pass him on the right side, put up his arm and jostled his opponent. Mills wishing to get clear put his hand up to Riley's head, and pushed him from him, and when these "cross purposes" had been exchanged, they went tearing away at it, tooth and nail. The ment went rattling along the embankment, and now Mills once more went by his opponent. Riley, however, not being satisfied with this tried to obtain the lead by improper means, and by so doing had the misfortune to be thrown, and hurt himself rather badly. Mills, on the finish, went in a winner, Barker second, Riley, of course, being third. Anything like unfair play while running cannot be too severely censured, but there can be no doubt that Riley is alone to blame, as he was the aggressor. The respective prizes were paid over the same evening to the successful pedestrians, and this terminated the proceedings.

THE TRIGGER.

THE STALEYBRIDGE INFANT ON THE TRIGGER.—The now noted Staleybridge Infant arrived in Leeds on Thursday night, Feb. 20, when he made an engagement with Mr. Pablo Fanque, to show himself and the Champion's belt, in Bell Hippodrome, on Friday and Saturday. On Friday evening the building was crowded to excess in every part, when Stephen English, the constable of Leeds, made his appearance, and cautioned Pablo against allowing Hurst to enter the ring. Pablo, not wishing to give offence to the great bigoted authorities of Leeds, stated the matter to the audience, who were much surprised to hear such an announcement. Pablo said, although Hurst would not be allowed to enter the ring, he would appear with his belt outside the ring, which he did both evenings, when the place was crowded. He still continues lame, but the picture of good health. His civility and good behavior have gained him many friends in Leeds. He was the lion of the days he stopped in Leeds. On Monday some hundreds visited Cowburn's shooting grounds to have a view of the Infant, who entered in a 20s. sweepstakes, at seven birds each, which was shot by the following sportsmen, who made the annexed scores:—

The Infant.....1001010—3 | P. Holdroyd.....1111101—6
W. Smith.....1111011—6 | J. Aspinal.....1011101—5

Smith and Holdroyd agreed to shoot the match off on Tuesday.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TWENTY.

Jack Cooper, the Tremendous Little Gypsy.—His Battle with West Country Dick.

THIS milling hero, a second Gas-Light Man for tremendous execution, was born in the neighborhood of Windsor, and was about 20 years of age; in weight between 9 and 10 stone, and in height about 5 feet 5 inches. His first exhibition in the Prize Ring was with West Country Dick, on the Epsom Downs, on Tuesday, May 16, 1820, for a purse of £10, to make up a third fight, after Rasher and Giblet, and it was the best battle of the three. The Gypsy introduced himself to the notice of the amateurs, and he selected Dick as a customer, having been offered his choice of several of the light weights. Cooper is well made, having a frame that almost seems to defy punishment. Dick was seconded by Randall and Clark; and Cooper by Young Brown and Abbot. It is but justice to state, that West Country Dick had been up all night drinking, and was far from being in a fit condition to fight; yet his courage would not let him refuse, and he immediately acquiesced with the proposal.

ROUND 1. The well known qualities of Dick rendered him the favorite on setting to, at 6 to 4 and 3 to 1; but the Gypsy peeled uncommonly well. In fact, these sort of wandering coves are always in training, and have a better chance of winning a turn-up than most other men. Cooper soon showed the spectators that he was not only a dangerous hitter, but a good man; and he sharply went to work. Dick also made play; heavy exchanges occurred, and Dick received such a nobber, that he slipped down on his knees. Loud shouting, and "This Gypsy is an ugly customer!" was the general cry.

2. The Gypsy meant nothing but milling; and both the men opposed each other like two game cocks, till they closed and went down. Great applause. "This is the best fight of the three;" and "Dick's too stale for the Gypsy." Even betting.

3. The Gypsy seemed to possess a good deal of the qualities of the Gas-Light Man. He did not stand for sparring, but went up to his opponent's head *sans ceremonie*. The science of Dick in this round claimed approbation from all parts of the ring. The Gypsy endeavored to put in a tremendous facer, when Dick bobbed his head at least a foot below the blow, turned round sharply, and planted a heavy bodier on the Gypsy. In closing, both down. "Bravo! Well done, Dick; do that again."

4. This round was decidedly in favor of the Gypsy; and he floored Dick like a shot. "Mind what you're arter, Dick."

5. The Gypsy followed Dick all over the ring, taking the lead in great style; and although he received several severe facers, he would not be denied till he sent Dick down. 2 to 1 on Cooper.

6. The exchange of hits was truly severe in this round; and the goodness of Dick was applauded throughout the ring; but, nevertheless, the activity of the Gypsy was not to be reduced, and he hit Dick down like a shot. 3 to 1 on Cooper.

7. The fighting on both sides was tremendous; and Dick's nob appeared much damaged, and the claret was flowing profusely, till he again went down.

8. In this round the Gypsy received severely; his nob was bleeding; and, in a sharp rally at the ropes, he positively foamed at the mouth. Clark, by way of cheering his man, called out, "Dick for £20." Both down.

9. Notwithstanding Dick was half lushy, and had been up all night, he displayed good science, and at the commencement of this round he put in five facers, almost in succession; but the frontispiece of the Gypsy appeared as compact as iron, and he again had the best of the round, and Dick was grassed.

10. The friends of Dick began rather to quake for his winning, and the two to one betters found out they had been too hasty in their offers. Dick down.

11. This round, however, gave a little sunshine to the partisans of Dick; and, after some severe exchanges, the Gypsy went down. "Well done, Dick."

12. No loss of time occurred in sparring; and both the combatants opposed each other in the first style of bravery all over the ring. At the ropes, Dick put in some heavy facers, and a severe struggle for the throw took place, till both went down.

13. Fair play was conspicuous; and the Gypsy received as much encouragement from the amateurs as Dick. This was a sharp round, and Dick threw the Gypsy cleverly.

14. Upon the stripping of the men, Randall entertained an opinion that Dick would win in a canter. But Turner's idea of a stranger appears rather more correct. All men must be tried—and till they are tried they are deemed novices; it is therefore often seen, that strangers prove very dangerous customers. It was so in this instance; and Dick soon found it out. Milling on both sides, but Dick down.

15. The Gypsy seemed insensible to fear; and the bull-dog qualities of Dick had no terrors upon his mind. The science of the latter was here again well displayed; and he got his head out of Chancery in the Dutch Sam style. In closing, both down.

16. The Gypsy lost no time, but went in like a good one, regardless of receiving. He planted some severe facers on Dick; and in closing, he astonished the ring with the neatness with which he threw his opponent, by just putting out his leg. "Well done, Gypsy! you are a good lad."

17 Dick made some good hits, particularly one on the body, near the mark, that made the Gypsy stagger again; indeed, it was so severe, that in closing, Dick threw his opponent quite easily. Great applause; and "Repeat that, Dick, and you can't lose it!" From past services, it should seem, the old Ring-goers were anxious for Dick to win; but appearances were against him.

18. The mug of Dick was evidently the worse for fight, and "pepper" was strongly written upon it. This was a short but hard round. In closing, however, Dick again threw his man.

19. The decisive qualities of the Gypsy were again truly prominent in this round. Indeed, the punishment was very heavy on both sides; but Dick looked wild, from the heavy nobbers he had received; and, in going down, fell over and over.

20. The game of Dick stood so high with the amateurs, that they felt satisfied, while a chance remained, he would not give it in. The latter fought in the most courageous style, but he could not get the lead.

21. In this round the Gypsy was almost hit to a stand-still; and Dick kept peppering his body and head till both went down. Loud shouting, and "Go it, Dick."

22. The Gypsy came up to the scratch as fesh a daisy, and nobbed Dick right and left. The latter was not behind in exchanging hits; yet it was evident, that without some chance finishing hit, Dick must ultimately lose it.

23. The heavy milling Dick encountered in this round operated so severely against him, that he went down on his knees quite exhausted. During the time the Gypsy was resting on the knee of his second, Gulley held up several bank-notes, as a stimulus to win.

24. The claret was streaming down the face of Dick, and he again had the worst of this round. A guinea to a dump. After two hits, the Gypsy threw Dick with the utmost ease.

25. The Gypsy was now the favorite two to one. The science of Dick, at times, gave him the advantage of stopping well; but the sharp hitting of the wandering cove was not to be resisted. Dick was again thrown.

26. In the most manly way, Dick did every thing to change the battle in his favor; but the Gypsy was so good on his legs, and also a taker without flinching, that it was almost in vain for Dick to contend. The Gypsy again put out his leg, and Dick went down.

27. Dick, it should seem, was determined to make a desperate effort, and this was a terrific round in the extreme. Facer for facer was given as sharp as they could be received, till both went down. Great applause from all parts of the ring; but the Gypsy for any thing.

28. Two better little men were never seen in a ring. Had Dick been in regular training, he might have lasted longer; but the knowing ones seemed now to entertain great doubts whether renovation, to the utmost extent, could make conquest a certainty to Dick. The latter was quite exhausted, but he nevertheless kept hitting, till both went down.

29. The Gypsy made the best use of his time, and went in to finish Dick off hand, which he accomplished in the Randall style. Dick only stood up to receive facers, so hard and sharp, without being able to return, that he was floored right on his face. Twenty-nine minutes. He was taken away in a terrible state.

The Gypsy's sister witnessed the fight. She was decently dressed, and said she was sure her brother would win it. Gulley gave Cooper five pounds for his true courage; and told him it was an excellent fight on both sides. The Gypsy was not long in getting on his clothes, and walked off in triumph, with 18 guineas in his pocket, escorted by a whole tribe of his clan, including women and children. Cooper was heavily punished about his body, and his mug dren. Cooper was heavily punished about his body, and his mug was a little painted, although his skin was of so close a texture as not to show it like most other men. He admitted Dick was a hard hitter. This Gypsy, it seems, once had a turn-up with little Gadsee, at Epsom Downs; and had also exhibited at Doncaster Races. Cooper has great fighting requisites about his person. Dick was left at the Cock, at Sutton; but he recovered so soon, as to walk to the Downs, on Friday, to have another turn-up with Cooper, if he appeared; but he was not there.

A STORY ABOUT A CLOWN.

BY "CELINE."

"Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity."—ADDISON.

Deem not in Heaven it would be strange
To meet the spirit of a Clown.

A grand dinner is a fine thing. Englishmen think so, and especially, we are told, do civic functionaries think so, with their seething venison and rich green turtle. 'Tis Christmas time again, and Mr. Saderror dines, as is his custom, with his company in the city. He is a wealthy man, and so he gains homage accordingly. But these dinners are not very intellectual banquets. They have nothing whatever to do with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." If they had, Saderror would find the venison hard to swallow, and the green turtle would well nigh choke him. For, previous to his advent at the City dinner, he has had an altercation with his only child, who is a clever, sensible, affectionate, and obedient daughter, but—she has one great failing; yes, bigoted, prejudiced, stiff necked Paterfamilias, for 'tis you whom we chiefly address—she has one shocking infatuation—she desires to be an Actress. Being a sensible girl, she has no idea of rushing on to the footlights, and making a spectacle of herself. She knows that it is a fine art; aided by the best gifts of nature, that it requires the devotion, study, talent, almost inspiration, of its votaries, to become proficient in its service. Feeling this, she knows that the Drama is her *forte*, and that she should succeed. But poor Julia Saderror cannot prevail upon her father to listen to the conviction of her mind; he is deaf to the pleading of her heart. 'Tis necessary thus to plead, for the first step is the golden talisman required to constitute Julia a pupil of a famous *artiste*.

"No," growls her sire, as he twists his hat round his arm to smooth it, "No, I repeat it for the hundredth time; the Stage indeed! what do you want to go on the Stage for? no, you'll not be obliged to get your living and if you ever was, you can be a governess, and respectable; you've had a good education, I've not given you a good education to be a mountebank, a doll, a May-day sweep, so don't let me hear any more of it, but get ready for the ball."

"But, sir, I hoped you would have given a trifle to this Memorial for one of our gifted Pantomimists," and Julia held forth to him a newspaper. He turned from it. "I will not," he said, "I'm sick and tired of hearing about them; I suppose they're paid while they're living; what do they want with Memorials when they die? I never heard of an actor doing any good."

"Then, I'm sure, sir, you never heard of one doing any ill."

"I don't know, and what's more, I don't care; they're a set of bad people, and you shall never be one if I know it. Say no more; I shall be late for the dinner, and you not ready for the ball."

And so he thrust on his hat and himself into a cab, and started for the dinner, and so we hope it will agree with him.

But Julia glances at a box of flowers, wreaths sent from a city mart for her to select one for the ball. She closes the lid, and sends away the box without purchasing one, for, she says, "I will make my last ornament serve me, and my half guinea shall go towards this fund for the family of departed talent." And she encloses and dispatches her offering, and so she goes to the ball, and so we hope it will prosper with her.

Christmas is the happiest time of all the year. Who can listen to the bells ringing then, and not feel his heart throb with a responsive echo of hope, trust, and thankfulness. 'Tis the season when Faith, Hope, and Charity are busiest; when they come to us uninvited, and our hearts are open to receive them. Blessed are the happy; they shall rejoice, and sing the song of thanksgiving. Blessed are the miserable, for they shall feel anew the promise of the everlasting joy in the "land of the Hereafter." Blessed are the rich, for this is the time to sow good seed, which shall increase tenfold; and blessed are the poor, for they are nearer to their wealth and rest in Heaven.

But how much may a single year effect. What changes, revolutions, wrecks, and ruin ere another Christmas comes round again. 'Tis but one year—only twelve months—since the wealthy Saderror dined at the City Hall, and his daughter, Julia, danced at the ball. And 'tis Christmas time again, and Mr. Saderror is a pauper, or would be but for Julia; for when wealthiest merchants become bankrupts, and flourishing tradesmen fail, when banks are swindles, and speculations are ruinous delusions, who can consider himself safe, or rely upon being for all his life a golden idol. If old Saderror did, he is undeceived at last, like many others, for he has become a ruined man. He is not aged in years, but he never had any youthful elasticity in his heart; he has heard of the "milk of human kindness," but he has no faith in it. All Julia's tenderness and love of the beautiful she inherits from her mother, and that mother was fetched to Heaven long ago. And now, at sweet Christmas time, old Saderror lies, ill in mind and body, upon a miserable pallet, in a poor lodging in Long-acre. To him it is St. Giles', and he revises it; but to Julia it is a charmed region, for it is amidst the temples and devotees of her beloved Art, that Art which might now have saved them, had he but listened to her prayers. As it is, poor Julia can obtain nothing but needlework to starve upon, for she cannot leave her suffering parent to take a situation. And her work soon fails her too. 'Twas Christmas-eve, that blessed time; so, perhaps, a company of angels, in going their rounds, had flitted through that room to smile upon poor Julia at her work, and something of their hallowed influence might have passed near old Saderror, for he was quiet and resigned for hours, gazing at his daughter stitching by the glimmering candle. At last he spoke to her, and said:—

"I think the rich have no real friends, Julia."

"Very seldom, father."

"I wonder if the poor have any!"

"I believe so, father."

"What work are you doing now? I thought you had finished your supply?"

"Yes, father, this is something new."

"What is it? it looks like finery. Are you going to some trumpery dance or other?"

"Scarcely, father, this is work given to me by one of our fellow lodgers, a kind, good soul, who promises to obtain for me plenty of it, if I succeed, and I'm sure I shall, for it is not half so hard as the other work, and I have a real interest in it. Her husband, too, is very good to us. He sympathises with you very much. I did not like to tell you before, fearing you might be angry, but he brought in that nice soup and those jellies you have lately had. 'Work is paid so badly, I could not buy such things,' he said, 'he knew, and his wife had told him how sadly we were reduced,' and he said, 'he was truly sorry to see us so situated;' and you know, father, *he* never dined at our house."

"Did these people know us formerly?"

"No, they are entire strangers to us."

"Then it is very strange to notice us in this manner."

"No, dear father, it is not strange; there are some good people in the world, and you have lived to know it; that is all."

"What business is he? where do these people live?"

"They reside on the first floor in this house, and he is in a Profession."

"Indeed, he is away all day, then!"

"No, he is at home most of the day; he is engaged at night."

"Ah, then, he is some disreputable character; there can be no respectable Profession carried on at night."

"Don't say that, my father, when you know he is so good a man; but wait ——."

Julia was now sent for, to her benefactress below-stairs, so she went to her, and Saderror went to sleep.

The next day was Christmas day. "What a different Christmas day from last year," thought Saderror; but the angelic influence had not been in vain, and he was more resigned now—especially when he thought of their unknown friend; for his heart must be a stone, indeed, who is not touched by a generous, unsolicited sympathy in adversity. And the heart of Saderror was to be probed yet deeper, ere he could feel what true sympathy consisted of. Who shall say how poor and unlike Christmas cheer was the fare of these two poverty-stricken persons! Poor Julia scarcely merited this affliction; but the "sins of the fathers are visited upon the children," and she who is innocent bears her share of the punishment the best. Saderror might murmur at the scanty meal on this day, or in a sullen chagrin turn away and famish, but that the ordeal is spared him by the advent of his daughter, bearing a tray spread with real old English Christmas fare—yes, a plentiful supply of roast beef, plum pudding, ale, &c. The eyes of Saderror sparkle as he asks:—

"Where, then, did you get this, Julia?"

"There, dear father, we shall not lack a Christmas dinner after all, for our kind friends insist upon our finishing all this; and now you can sit up and enjoy your Christmas dinner."

"But, my dear, I don't like our receiving so much from strangers."

"Never mind, father, do not offend them by refusing: they are merely better off than us, and they do as they believe we should do by them if our positions were reversed, that is all."

"They are very good, and Julia, if I only had some of my money back again, I would amply repay them."

"No, father, you would not—you could not repay them in that way—this kindness is not a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence; you may buy food, but you cannot purchase the heartfelt sympathy, the spirit of benevolence, the universal loving-kindness which prompts people to act as these strangers have done to us; you can easier recompense them now by feelings of gratitude, and appreciation, and respect."

And so father and daughter said grace, and enjoyed their Christmas dinner. And afterwards, old Saderror, being in a low, weak state, dozed off, and slept for hours. Soon after he awoke, there was a gentle rapping at their door, and Julia admitted a stranger. This was a respectable looking, middle aged, grave and quiet man, with a fine eye and pleasant voice, and who bore a steaming glass of brandy and water in one hand, while he held forth the other to Mr. Saderror.

"This is our friend, our kind benefactor," cried Julia, "he is come to see you, and now you can thank him, my father." Saderror took the proffered hand, and bowed over it as he said:—

"I sincerely thank you, sir;' but the stranger waived his hand, as he said, "I do not come for thanks, sir; what little I have had in my power to do, it was my pleasure and duty to do; but I come now to ask you to join me in a social glass, being Christmas day; and a holiday with me, being, as doubtless your good daughter has informed you, engaged in my professional duties every night. Just now is our busiest time, but it's a poor heart that never rejoices; so you will pledge me in this glass to our better acquaintance, and while my wife is putting the little ones to bed, we'll just talk over a proposal I have to make with regard to the future."

And then he told them how his wife could supply Julia with work, and how he could obtain a situation for Saderror to go to when he got better, where he would be only engaged for a few hours in the evening, to take the money at a famous place of amusement; so that, together, he and his daughter might earn upwards of thirty shillings per week, an affluent income in their present state. So it was agreed upon, and Saderror was to recover as soon as possible, and to take his situation. Warmed by the hot beverage and glowing with gratitude, Saderror wrung the hand of the departing stranger, and thanked him with heart-felt reverence. Then Julia cast herself into her father's arms, who clasped her to his heart as he cried forth:—

"Saved, saved, my girl; that man has saved us from starvation. He is the good Samaritan."

"Yes; oh, my father, why did you prevent my joining that profession of my heart, which numbers such spirits as his amongst its children; that honorable calling, which, had I succeeded—and, oh! I felt I should not fail—would have saved us from this ruin and desolation. You are convinced, at last, how much you wronged that calling by condemning it; how wickedly you abused it, not knowing what you said."

"How then, my child, this gentleman is—"

"An Actor, father; a player, an *artiste*, not a mountebank; a gentleman, not a bad person; a true Christian, not a scoffing heathen. Do you not believe now?"

"And this is, indeed, an Actor?"

"Yes, father, and has been all his life; and you see, if he is not wealthy, he is not ruined, he can do good; while we, the creatures of his bounty, can only thank him. Oh! father, it was to a Memorial to such as him that I once begged you to subscribe. I did so, and now I am, indeed, rewarded."

"An Actor, and oh! he is a good man!"

Yes, father, it is to the theatre over the way that he goes every night. He is not only an Actor, he is a Pantomimist. To-morrow night hundreds of applauding hands will greet him, for he is a Clown, father—*only* a Clown. So now, father, you know what to think of a Player, you know what to feel for a Clown."

And old Saderror wept at last; and, when Julia retired for the night, he sunk on his knees, and he prayed for his benefactor, even the Clown, and he prayed for himself that he was redeemed from his presumption.

Reader, go and do thou likewise.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

CHANGES IN THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.—Dr. Solger delivered a lecture recently before the American Geographical and Statistical society, in this city, upon the subject of the "World's Highway," or commercial communication with the Pacific and the Indies by way of the Mediterranean, whether by a realization of Mr. Stephenson's project of connecting London with the river Indus by a continuous chain of railways, through Belgium, Hungary, Austria, &c., to Belgrade, from thence to Constantinople, then to the head of the Persian gulf, and along its northern shore to the mouth of the Indus; or by a completion of the proposed Suez canal by the French government. The lecturer illustrated the relation of commerce to civilization, explaining the causes which changed the commercial centre severally from Western Asia, Italy and the Mediterranean, Portugal, and the Baltic, and the German Ocean. The discovery of America and of the communication with India around the Cape of Good Hope, were the great influences that brought about the changes. We are now approaching, said he, the fourth great change—the beginning of the Pacific civilization. The valley of the Mississippi being between the two great commercial links, that of the Atlantic and Pacific, is destined to become the great commercial centre of the world. He expressed his belief that the seats of the ancient civilization of Asia and western Europe would be reclaimed, and the commerce of Jaffa, Beyrout, Smyrna, as well as that of the north coast of Africa, where old Carthage flourished, would be revived and increased a hundred fold. The commerce of the Mediterranean had declined by the diversion of trade with India from thence around the cape—a canal across Suez or communication by rail would revive it. The traffic of New York with China and the Pacific would all take that direction, as the route would be much nearer.

NEWSPAPERS.—There are said to be about three hundred daily papers at this time in the United States. Five hundred and seventy thousand is estimated as the regular circulation of the daily press, or 184,080,000 per annum. There are also about two thousand five hundred tri-weeklies, semi-weeklies, and weeklies, which would probably make the aggregate number of newspapers annually distributed throughout the United States 412,800,000. A first class daily paper in such a city as New York, has generally twelve editors and reporters, forty printers, two proof readers, thirteen pressmen, engineers, and other employees in the press room, half a dozen correspondents in Europe, two or three regular correspondents in Washington; thirty five persons in the clerk, wrapping and mailing departments, and about as many more engaged as carriers.

DROWNED.—Little or no water is found in the stomach of a drowned man, and when it is present it can in no way have contributed to death. The experiments of Orfilla and Marc have proved that water is never found in bodies submersed after death; and that it cannot be made to enter the stomach without the assistance of a tube passed into the gullet. This fact, and that of little or no water entering the lungs, cannot be too widely propagated, as the popular prejudice is in favor of the opposite opinion; and bodies taken out of the water are still rolled on barrels, and held up by the heels, in order to dislodge it—a practice fraught with the greatest danger, if the smallest chance of resuscitation exists.

REMEDY FOR BRONCHITIS.—A writer in the *Baltimore Sun*, who has been afflicted severely in his family by this appalling disease, *bronchitis, has found relief from the following remedy*: Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out, and dilute with a little water; wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it. It has never been known to fail, in cases where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow. It is certainly a simple remedy, and may be an efficacious one.

SINGULAR PALLIATIVE FOR TOOTHACHE.—A little horseradish scraped, and laid on the wrist of the side affected, will, in many cases, give speedy relief. A better way is to place a little scraped horseradish in the mouth, or the tooth, or just round the gum. It relieves rheumatic pains in the gum and face also. The mouth may afterwards be rinsed with a little camphorated water, lukewarm.

BLACKING.—The following is a recipe for blacking harnesses. Melt two ounces of mutton suet with six ounces of beeswax and six ounces of sugar candy, two ounces of soft soap, and one ounce powdered indigo; melt and mix well, and add a gill of turpentine. Lay it on with a sponge, and polish with a brush.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—It has been calculated that more than 300 pounds of blood pass through a man's heart during every hour of his life. The average quantity of blood in an adult male is about 30 pounds; so that the same blood, we might say, passes through the heart ten times an hour.

TO CURE THE SICK HEADACHE.—Two teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acid on the stomach.

MR. RAREY'S FREE EXHIBITION IN BOSTON.—This event came off on the 25th ult., in Music Hall, which, we hear, was crowded to repletion on the occasion by the persons connected with the horse, for whose special benefit, the exhibition had been arranged. Cruiser was the first on the programme; and after his history had been related, and he had been made to go through some stereotyped acts, a handsome bay mare was introduced. This animal was remarkably nervous and spirited, and was reported to be extremely difficult to handle in the stable. When Mr. Rarey had put a strap upon one of her fore legs, she reared upon her hind legs, and fell backwards upon the gate of the yard constructed upon the stage. The gate was broken to fragments, and the mare fell into the passage leading from the lobby to the platform. The consternation of many of the audience, and the excitement of all, was extreme for a few moments. Mr. Rarey picked the mare up and went through his usual lesson with her. The excitability of the mare, and the demonstrative character of the audience, protracted this taming process somewhat, but it was as successfully performed as any of the previous experiments. The mare was on the best of terms with Mr. Rarey, after she was released from her straps, and although one of her besetting sins was a scariness when street music assailed her ears, a drum was beaten loudly over her back while she stood unfastened on the platform. When the drum was first placed upon her she trembled violently, but after she had examined it thoroughly she took no notice of the noise made in beating it while it was held upon her hips. A great bay draft horse was the third appearance. He was introduced to the audience, as an animal which had once had a mortal dread of a buffalo robe. Mr. Rarey produced a robe but the horse was not the least afraid of it, allowing the article to be thrown over his head without moving. After having exhibited his docility the horse was led off and some ponies were introduced and well received. A kicking and biting mare came next, and her taming concluded the entertainment. Although she was most violent and fractious when she came on, she was quiet as a lamb when led off, having been put through the primary school in fine style. Mr. Rarey thanked the audience for their attention, and they responded with loud cheers, and retired well satisfied apparently with the lecture on horse craft and its illustrations.

BASE BALL IN KENTUCKY.—In and around Louisville, we are informed, the game is not as enthusiastically followed as formerly; caused, principally, by their playing grounds being taken up for building purposes. Last season they had four clubs, now they have but two, the Olympic and National, the latter being the senior. Its officers are, President, R. L. Wintersmith; Vice President, J. B. Ferguson; Secretary, S. Stout; Treasurer, T. Martin. Directors:—Messrs. McCullough, Garnett, and Stout. They intend making efforts to replace the game in its former flourishing condition.

THE EMPIRE BASE BALL CLUB, of Baltimore, Md., held a meeting on the 20th ult., and elected the following officers:—J. A. Webb, President; Vice President, L. A. Peregord; Secretary, J. T. Graham; Treasurer, J. E. Webb. Directors, Messrs. Gildea, Davidson and Green. The club was first organized last fall.

RACE COURSE FOR SALE.—The Fashion Race Course, on Long Island, is up for sale, or to let. The sum of $50,000 will purchase in fee the land and all the improvements inside the brick wall that surrounds the course, (wall included) and right of way to four gates if desired, other land and improvements can be had on liberal terms, or it will be let in whole or in part to a good tenant. If not disposed of, it will be devoted to trotting as soon as the season commences. The poorly managed race meetings of the last two or three seasons seem to have put the Fashion entirely out of fashion

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Indianapolis, Ind., Stephen Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m*
Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 12 North street, basement. 41
Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20 9m*
Troy, N. Y.....A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m*
Boston.....Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-3m*

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
JERRY, NEIL and DAN BRYANT Managers and Proprietors.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANTS' MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:—

JERRY BRYANT,	NEIL BRYANT,	DAN BRYANT,
P. B. ISAACS,	N. W. GOULD,	J. H. SIVORI,
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J. W. ADAMS,	J. H. HILTON,	H. PERCEY,
T. J. PEEL,	T. NORTON,	OLD DAN EMMETT,

And JAPANESE TOMMY; Or, "WHAT IS IT?"
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:—

Essence of Old Virginny,	Scenes at Gurney's,
Scenes at Phalon's,	Challenge Dance,
The Three Hunters,	Surprise Party,
The Garrotters,	African Polka,
Dural MacDill Darroll's,	Grape Vine Twist,
Miss Isippi Fling,	And many others.

Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gonier, Whose Heel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.
Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE,
(Late Ordway Hall,)
BOSTON,
OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK,
For the representation of
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY
In all its Departments, by the world renowned and only
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
THE ESTABLISHED FAVORITES,
Consisting of the following first class Talent.

E. BOWERS, FRED HESS,
A. A. THAYER, J. S. GILBERT,
R. SANDS, D. J. MAGUINNIS,
E. W. PRESCOTT, MAST. GETTINGS,
R. M. CARROLL, J. C. TROWBRIDGE,
CARL TROUTMAN, JOHNNY PELL,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER, BILLY MORRIS,
J. P. ENDRES, LON MORRIS.

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
43 LON MORRIS, Manager.

NIBLO'S SALOON.
THE HOME OF MINSTRELSY.
GRAND RE OPENING,
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 1,
And every evening during the week.
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
THE STARS OF THE PROFESSION.
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
Acknowledged by
THE PRESS AND PUBLIC
To be the best Minstrel Organization in the world.
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
ALL STARS.
Read the List of Artists:—

BILLY BIRCH,	CHARLEY FOX,
D. S. WAMBOLD,	AUGUST ASCHE,
J. A. HERMAN,	
GUSTAVE BIDEAUX,	N. OEHL,
H. WILKES,	W. BRUNS,
J. EASTMEAD,	A. BRIETKOPF,
A. LEHMANN,	C. BLASS,
J. W. ANDREWS,	Mast. ALBERTINI, and
COOL WHITE,	

Will appear every evening in the choicest
GEMS OF MINSTRELSY.
REMEMBER THE OPENING NIGHT,
MONDAY, APRIL 1,
The Place,
NIBLO'S SALOON;
The Attraction,
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS.
Doors open at 7; commence at 8. Admission, 25 cents. 51

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
From Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, New York.
R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.
N. B.—The management tender their sincere acknowledgments for the very kind and liberal patronage bestowed upon them on the occasion of their previous trip through the Western country, and beg leave to announce that they will start on their Second Annual Tour on Wednesday, March 6, 1861, with an entirely new entertainment, and the most talented company of artists ever brought together under one organization.
☞ LOOK AT THE COMPANY ☜
Whose names are too well known to need further comment.

R. M. HOOLEY,	S. C. CAMPBELL,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	BEN COTTON,
JOHNNY DULEY,	ROLLIN HOWARD,
G. W. CHARLES,	J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE,	R. RUIGK,
J. H. SCHMITZ,	CHARLES WERNIG,
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For particulars see Programmes and Posters.
47 J. C. FABB, Agent.

WILSON & MORRIS'
MINSTRELS.
Fifteen Star Performers.
First Annual Tour previous to
THEIR OPENING IN BOSTON.
Look at this array of talent.
CHARLEY BACKUS,
the great Ethiopian Comedian from California.
Mr. CHAS. REYNOLDS, GEO. W. SHEPARD,
ADD. WEAVER, LITTLE BARNEY,
S. P. EMERY, A. JONES,
FRED WILSON,
M. T. SKIFF, W. A. FIELD,
F. CORDUKES, C. BOSWALDS,
J. D. BURTON, W. H. BROCKWAY,
CHAS. W. MORRIS.
We, the management, contend that WE have the best Quartette, the best Musicians, the funniest Comedians, the best Dancers and the best Properties in the Ethiopian Profession. In all of the above statements we COURT criticism and defy competition.
FRED. WILSON, CHAS. A. MORRIS & W. H. BROCKWAY, Proprietors.
40-tf CHAS. W. MORRIS, Agent.

MRS. MATT. PEEL'S
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
Comprising
FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,
Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their
BEAUTIFUL SINGING,
LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,
UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,
OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c.,
Interspersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Travelling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.
NO CARDS EXPLANATORY,
NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY,
NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS,
As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.
"*VENI, VIDI, VICI.*"
Particulars of the evenings amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.
38-tf J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

THE WORLD RENOWNED
JOHNNY BOOKER & HARRY EVARTS' MINSTRELS,
Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any Company ever organized, consisting of the following BRILLIANT ARRAY OF STARS:—

JOHNNY BOOKER,	HARRY EVARTS,
DICK SLITER,	S. S. PURDY,
ROBT. LANE,	THOS. JEFFERSON,
G. L. HALL,	G. H. WARRE,
A. C. STONE,	HERR HECK,

whose talent and ability have won for them golden opinions throughout the New England States, are now on their Western tour, and will visit Hamilton, C. W., Detroit, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, &c. JOHNNY BOOKER, Manager; HARRY EVARTS, Stage Director; DR. W. H. JONES, Agent. 38-tf

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
SYLVESTER BLEECKER.....Proprietor and Manager
FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY,
561 and 563 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PIECES, illustrative of
SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,
31-tf

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.
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THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.
BALLET, PANTOMIME, OPERA.
A continued performance of four and a half hours duration, commencing at half-past 7 o'clock; each and every act independent of the rest.
NEW AND SPLENDID SCENERY,
GORGEOUS AND APPROPRIATE COSTUMES,
NOVEL AND BRILLIANT EFFECTS.
THE LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY
EVER CONCENTRATED
IN ANY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.
The celebrated Irish Comedian, Vocalist, and Dancer,
MR. W. O'NEIL,
MR. W. O'NEIL,
The Irish Schoolmaster, and Paddy's Wedding.
THE ORRIN FAMILY,
THE ORRIN FAMILY,
In their Classical Gymnastic Groupings and Tableaux.
MONS. VELARDE and M'LLE CLARA,
MONS. VELARDE and M'LLE CLARA,
The accomplished Dancers and Pantomimists,
Late of the Ravel Troupe.
DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE,
DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE,
The great Spanish Contortionist, or Boneless Wonder.
CLARA HARRINGTON,
CLARA HARRINGTON,
The Queen of Song. The Queen of Song.
CHARLEY WHITE, CHARLEY WHITE,
In his Budget of Comicalities, which defy competition.
MISS JENNIE ENGEL,
MISS JENNIE ENGEL,
The pleasing and accomplished Vocalist.
W. S. BUDWORTH, R. HART,
W. QUINN, HARRY LESLIE,
FRED. SHAW, D. CARROLL,
MONS. LA THORNE.

MISS EMILY LEMAIRE,	MISS ANNIE CHESTER,
MISS MARY BLAKE,	MISS MILLIE FLORA,
MISS KATE HARRISON,	MISS MARY FLORENCE,
MISS HATTIE ENGEL,	MISS ANNIE HARRISON,

MADEMOISELLE ROSA, and
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE,
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE,
The largest in the country.
Together with a powerful and well appointed orchestra, led by Professor FRED. VON OLKER.
Parquette, 20 Cents. Gallery, 10 Cents.
Seats in Private Boxes, 50 Cents.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
51 MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
PEAK FAMILY,
VOCALISTS, HARPISTS, AND
SWISS BELL RINGERS
IN THE WORLD.
GRAND CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEPARATE COMPANIES,
Having re-organized and enlarged for their Annual Tour of 1861.
The following talent is now connected with this Troupe:—
W. PEAK, SR., LISETTE M. PEAK,
MRS W. PEAK, ANNIE PEAK,
WM. H. PEAK, MASTER EDDIE PEAK,
MRS. WM. H. PEAK, MASTER FRANK PEAK,
LEWIS M. PEAK.
They will start on their SIXTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR December 15th, visiting Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine; and will appear in their new Swiss Costume, introducing their
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SILVER BELLS,
Imported expressly for this Company, and the only sett of SILVER BELLS ever manufactured.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.
The Proprietors wish it distinctly understood that they are the Only Original Troupe of Bell Ringers now travelling under the name of the Peak Family, having been established since 1839, and during that time have visited all the principal towns and cities in the United States; have been travelling as two companies for the past two years, and now Consolidate, making one of the largest Concert Companies in the world. We wish to caution the public that no other Troupe have the right to announce themselves as the Peak Family.
W. & W. H. PEAK, Proprietors.
C. C. CHASE, Manager and Business Agent. 43 eow

THEATRICAL.—Actors and actresses of recognized ability, and an attractive danseuse (capable of enacting small parts), wishing an engagement to travel through the towns of the West, will address the undersigned without delay, stating capabilities and the lowest salary, enclosing a stamp for reply. Engagement to commence on or about 27th April. SILAS T. HILL, Manager,
51-4t* Memphis Post Office, Memphis, Tenn.

TO MANAGERS.—MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, the beautiful and successful actress, has just concluded the most brilliant engagement ever played in Milwaukee, Wis., and opens at the Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit, in her unrivalled characters of the "French Spy" and "Lola Montez," on Saturday, 30th; and at Gayety Theatre, Albany, N. Y., on April 8th, for two weeks.
The leading specialities in her extensive repertoire of Tragedy, Drama, Comedy and Pantomime will be
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN,
SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER,
ROYAL HIGHWAYMAN,
JOAN OF ARC,
FEMALE GAMBLER,
JENNY DIVER,
MUTE SPY, &c., &c., &c. 51-2t*

METROPOLITAN THEATRE, DETROIT.—Mr. SOTHERN is now playing a brilliant engagement at this establishment, to be followed by ADAH ISAACS MENKEN. Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements to the 4th of July, may address
51-2t* E. T. SHERLOCK, Manager Detroit Theatre.

PEOPLE WANTED TO TRAVEL.—A gymnast to do "L' Eschelle Perilleuse," a "Yankee Gal," and a lady dancer; campaign commences May 1st. Address Manager Yankee Robinson's Double Show, De Ruyter, N. Y. 51-1t*

BURTIS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN,
Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.
ISAAC BURTIS.....Proprietor
B. L. PACKARD.....Treasurer
J. L. DAVIS.....Stage Manager
We still adhere to the old motto—
FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.
New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 45

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
Now comprising the following well known artists:—
JAMES H. SADDLER, JOHNNY PIERCE,
JAS. LAMONT, JAS. GAYNOR,
JNO. WILLIAMS, CHAS. H. CARTER,
WM. P. SPAULDING, J. H. CARLESON,
CHAS. VILLIERS, H. T. MUDGE,
SAM SHARPLEY.
Will reappear at Norwich, Conn., Wednesday, March 27th; Providence, 28th and 29th; Fall River, 30th and May 1st; Taunton, 2d and 3d; New Bedford, 4th and 5th; after which Worcester, Fitchburg, Nashua, Manchester, Concord, Portsmouth, &c.
50-2t* WM. H. DAVIS, Agent.

UNSWORTH'S MINSTRELS
UNSWORTH, EUGENE & DONNIKER, Proprietors.
These talented and world renowned performers have formed a co-partnership, and respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they will appear in all the principal cities of the United States and the Canadas, during the ensuing season. The organization consists of the following brilliant
GALAXY OF STAR PERFORMERS, viz:

JAMES UNSWORTH,	EUGENE,
J. B. DONNIKER,	RAPHAEL ABEGCO,
JULIUS STRATTON,	T. HAYES,
C. O'NEIL,	SIGNOR MORO,
J. FROST,	H. TRIGG,
J. P. HILLIARD,	B. O. JONES,
H. PERRY, Agent.	V. JOHNSON,

46-tf LOUIS A. ZWISLER, Business Manager.

BALTIMORE, MD., 16TH MARCH, 1861.
CONTINENTAL HOTEL AND OPERA SALOON.
The above Saloon will positively open on Monday, April 1st, 1861. Ladies and gentlemen engaged will please meet on the stage at 11 o'clock on Thursday, March 28th. First class artists, such as Vocalists, Dancers, (or any original novelty,) wishing engagements, direct as above, to
WILLIAM ELLENGER, Sole Proprietor.
C. HENRI, Stage Manager.
A. CASSIDY, Acting Manager.
The Hotel will be open for the accommodation of guests on Monday, March 25th, fitted up in a most costly style and with all modern improvements. 49-4t*

WANTED—A first class Flute and Piccolo Player, one that can play brass preferred; to a good musician, the situation will be permanent, with a good salary. Apply by letter to
FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor of
Frank Rivers' Melodeon,
48 4t 421 Callowhill st., Philadelpia, Pa.

THE MISSES NELSON are now on their Western Tour. Communications will reach them addressed to 49 Bleecker street, New York city. 49-4t*

ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE.—The Dramatic Season of this establishment having closed, the St. Louis Opera House, the largest, most elegant and most comfortable Theatre in St. Louis, (the great Metropolis of the West,) will be for rent for Opera, Concerts, Drama, Lectures, &c., at very fair conditions. For terms and particulars apply to HENRY BOERNSTEIN, Publisher, Anzeiger des Westerns, and Lessee of St. Louis Opera House.
St. Louis, (Mo.,) Feb. 18, 1861. 46-3m

A CARD TO THE CONCERT PROFESSION.—We are sorry to learn that Mr. CAVANAGH'S discharge so affected him as to cause him to heap his vengeance on Mr. DAVIS, Stage Manager. It might be well enough to state to the profession, that it was not the aforesaid Davis that discharged Cavanagh, as he sarcastically remarked; and again, we do not solicit Western performers, particularly Shakespearian Clowns. We are always open to engage good performers, and for any reasonable length of time. If performers are willing to make an engagement for two or three weeks—which they have done in several cases—that is their business, and not Mr. Cavanagh's; and there has never been under Mr. Davis' management any one discharged before their engagement was up, and in every instance remained longer than they were engaged for, with one exception. When parties are in any way disagreeable, we make it a point to get rid of them as soon as possible. ISAAC BURTIS,
51 Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn.

CONCERT SALOON AGENCY.—The original and only reliable Agency for the Concert Saloon, Equestrian, Theatrical, Minstrel and Musical Professions, No 89 West Houston street, near Broadway. Established in the city of New York, March 1st, 1861, for the purpose of transacting all business connected with the above professions. The undersigned, having an experience of twenty years as an Actor and Vocalist, and being urged by numerous Managers and Performers, has opened an agency for the above business, on the following terms:—Booking and Engagement Fees "payable in advance." Terms of Managers for attending to all business connected with the profession or otherwise, (the Manager to advance money for passages, &c., if required by the performers,) throughout the year, from date to date, $5. Performers, such as Lady Vocalists, Danseuses, Sentimental and Comic Singers, Musicians, Equestrians, Theatricals, Ethiopian Comedians, Banjoists, Tamborinists, Jig Dancers, Bone Players, Bar Keepers, Treasurers, &c., $1. Lady Waiters, 50 cents. All letters must contain a postage stamp to secure an answer. All engagements made through me, will be arranged between the manager and performer only. Instructions given to ladies and gentlemen about entering the profession. Managers and performers will please forward a programme, when convenient, and direct all letters to 89 West Houston street, to JAS. CONNER, Comedian. Office hours, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. 51

CARD.—GALVESTON, Texas, March 21, 1861.—It is our painful duty to warn the profession of a man named J. SCOTT, formerly manager of "The Lone Star Minstrels," who left this city for New Orleans, intending to start a company there. With false promises, he engaged a company in that city, stating to them that if they were not satisfied he would defray their expenses back, and pay them for their time while here. This promise he has broken, and those he engaged are now in most destitute circumstances, without money, nothing to eat, and no means of getting anything. At present he is raising a company in New Orleans, and on this account we publish this, to save many who may be taken in as we have been.

C. S. BYRON,	W. L. MAY,
J. C. GOODS,	W. DAVIS,
W. D. ST. CLAIR,	G. E. MADDEN,
MRS. E. D. PALMER,	J. K. MADDEN,
MISS M. A. TELL;	MISS A. JONES,

51-1t ANDY MORRIS.

C. N. LEWIS' DRAMATIC COMPANY, now performing with immense success through the State of New York. Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability, desiring engagements, address the above immediately, at Rome, N. Y., or Seneca Falls.
51-1t* HARRY HOWLAND, Stage Manager.

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 152 Canal street. The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire. Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday 51-1f

TO CONCERT PERFORMERS.—Being confidentially informed that a certain *Fakir has had* a card written in answer to my last—as he is too illiterate to write one himself—I would here state that as I am about to leave the city shortly, and not wishing to give newspaper notoriety to a *parrot toed dancer*, "a fellow that never set a squadron in the field," a *boot-jack* that don't know the O P. side from the Prompt Side of a legitimate shop; I therefore deem any remarks that he may *have had* written, beneath my notice, and decline a controversy with an itinerant mountebank, whose talent is concentrated in a *gripsack, stuffed club*, and a *padded pratt*. Performers and managers in the West know me to be a reliable person, and a man of my word. This Fakir may be a very good *tinker*, which I understand is the great original's trade, but he can't *mend* this matter. [51-1t*] W. B. CAVANAGH, Comedian.

BANJOS.—Banjos of superior tone and finish to any in the world, also Banjo heads and skins, handles, rims, strings, keys, screws, bridges, tail pieces, etc., for sale by J. BOGAN, 171 East Twelfth st. Call and see him. N. B.—Banjo and Jig Dancing taught at 50 cents per lesson. 51-1t*

☞ We have letters for John Beyer; Alfred Cately; Levi J. North; Manager; Charley White; James White; Chas. F. Seabert; Alfred Nelson; and C. Lavalle, violinist.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, April 1st, '61.

The blustering month of March, with its dust, its chilling winds, and "consumptive tendencies," has departed, thanks be, and the "spring time of year is coming" now, in earnest. Our theatres did a medium business last week, but now that Lent is numbered among the has beens, and the Easter festivities are with us, we may reasonably *look* for a more healthy state of the body theatric, and a replenishing of well tried "sub treasuries."

The city is full of people—theatrical, circus, minstrel, and concert folk—studying, or endeavoring to study out the chances for the spring and summer campaign. Celebrities from almost all parts of the world are here, but travelling show people are the most numerous, as the season for "starting out" is close upon them, and many have not yet made their arrangements. Managers have been holding back in the hopes of being able to engage professionals at cheap salaries, in view of the continued troubled aspects of the country; while "the boys" have stood up to the rack for "full terms," and no cutting down, knowing that the country *will* have its amusements, no matter what the political aspect may be. We heard a day or two since that Jas. Melville and his family had not been able to come to terms with the managers with whom they had for some time been negotiating, "cheap" being the word with the latter. A day or two since, one of the Antonio brothers, of the Great World's Circus, arrived in town, saw Melville, was surprised that he had not yet "signed articles," asked his terms, was told, and at once engaged the great Australian rider, and his family, as well as several other celebrities. There's nothing like hitting the nail on the head, and taking time by the forelock, before it becomes a "dead lock."

"Newspaper theatrical writers" are beginning to abound in mightier numbers, but not of greater influence. Nearly every paper now has its miscalled "critic," whose business, in a variety of instances, seems to be to make the actor "pony up," or damn him with unjust and malignant "criticism." This sort of thing is growing to colossal proportions, we are very sorry to learn. In our issue of the 30th ult., some statements were made in this department touching the mal-practices of a certain dramatic critic employed upon the Philadelphia *Press*. We did not make any extended comments on the subject then, the matter having come to our notice at a late hour. But we determined not to miss the opportunity which our next issue would present to us. We need only give a summary of the particulars. The critic spoken of, while writing about the performances at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, very unwarrantably went out of his way, to state that Mrs. Mary Jane Gladstane, an actress engaged there, had failed in her parts while at the Arch Street Theatre, and therefore been discharged by Mr. Wheatley, the manager; whereupon, the lady mentioned addressed Mr. Wheatley, calling upon him to deny the allegation, which he did in due course, and in the handsomest manner—making it patent to all persons, that Mrs. Gladstane had seceded from the Arch Street Theatre entirely by her own free will and action. On glancing at the criticism of the Philadelphia writer, in which he commits a gross outrage on truth, we are forcibly impressed with an idea of its miserably bad taste and vulgarity of tone. The puff direct and the libel direct are equally obvious; the slur on Mrs Gladstane's professional abilities chiming consistently enough with high flown praise on another actress. But let that pass. What we have the most to do with is the principle involved in the permission of such dramatic criticism as that distilled in the Philadelphia *Press*, and examples of which, we regret to add, are to be found in too many other journals. Why is this, we have asked until the recurrence of the inevitable reply has fairly sickened us. First, the thing exists, because the proprietors of most newspapers are both reckless and verdant—the former, in regard to a detail of their broad sheets which they pretend to consider as important, but leave to the most rude handling; the second, because, even when anxious that their published criticisms should be what they purport, they engage persons to furnish the same, who lack even the most ordinary essentials. Just let us take one specimen of the critical genius; and in our bearing, be it understood, we shall not be very wide of the mark furnished by our Philadelphia gentleman. Your accepted and well paid critic then, is some adventurer (often from the other side of the Atlantic), with that "little learning," which Pope calls a "dangerous thing," and an immensity of impudence; a flagrant pretender, too, in laying claim to a position and a reputation, often to a name, that never was his. As further evidence of such a man's fitness for the office of a public censor, look at his associations. Who are his constant companions and "very dear friends," of whose efforts, as public servants, he is expected to render a faithful record? who but the very individuals indicated, who have to render some "equivalent" for praise, whether they deserve it or not. In like manner, those with whom our critic is not "hand in glove" are sure to be the persons from whom he gets nothing, in remembrance of which he says nothing, or a great deal of the wrong sort. No doubt, the lady, whose communication to Mr. Wheatley, of the Arch Street Theatre, appeared in our recent issue, has found herself in the latter category, with regard to the critical fraternity—hence the annoyance and the possible injury she has complained of. This sort of thing is greatly to be deplored; and could we be more sanguine in the case than we are, we should entreat the proprietors of newspapers to guard themselves, the public, and professional persons, against a repetition of the evil. If they ask us how to do so, our reply will be at once explicit and to the purpose. Granting as you do, that it is worth your while to pay a man well for criticising the performances of actors and actresses, see that you fix upon the right one. There is a good supply at hand, in gentlemen of ability and principle; whose antecedents, though unboasted, are really what many of the critics now in employment *pretend* to have been theirs; who have wrought well and honorably at their trade; and whose respect for themselves, their employers, and the public would ever continue them above the level of a parasite, a libeller, or a "black mailer." We might here add that honest and fair criticism cannot do the profession an injury; on the contrary, by having their real faults pointed out to them in a spirit of kindness, the actor or actress, if susceptible to gentle influences, may profit by the censure in an earnest endeavor to do better in the future. There are some in the profession, however, good, bad, and indifferent performers, whom you may praise, and all is well; say but a word derogatory to their talents, or actions, and you make enemies of them "forevermore." This is the case the wide world over, and on this point we may be pardoned if we give the following appropriate article, which we find in a recent number of the *Central Californian*:—"Last week, in any but a spirit of harsh condemnation, we alluded to a poor performance by a meritorious company of actors in the Placerville theatre. Our remarks created a good deal of comment, for the reason, we suppose, of the singularity of published censure of theatrical performances. It is a custom of the newspapers of this State to puff every show which patronizes them, and it is customary with every rank of theatrical performers to invariably expect, while they do not endeavor to merit, "good notices;" in this country they have ceased to study to improve, because they receive commendation only from the newspaper, which, inasmuch as it does not offer censure, is considered the approving voice of the community. So long have these facts existed, that not a single member of the histrionic profession can be regarded as careful or improving. None of the performers who have become well known in the travelling companies of this State, are as perfect as when they made their first appearance; they have travelled carelessly upon the stereotyped notices of the papers whose publishers are employed to do a little printing for the theatrical companies, and though some of them are aware that the mountain public is largely composed of persons of critical taste, they generally conclude that they "do well enough." When they occasionally obtain the disapprobation of a newspaper, the tone of disapprobation is such as to sustain them in saying that "it is done because we didn't give 'em any printing;" they are answered, "yes, expect so," by disinterested individuals, and the matter disappears. Theatrical performers and theatre-goers complain that the drama has fallen in the mountains. The fault is with the performers; if they had, a good while ago, suppressed the notion that their "provincial" undertakings were equal to the taste of "the provinces," let them be never so bad, the people of the mountain places would never have dispensed with the regular theatre; and if the press had pursued a course of decent censure and just commendation, many of the now unambitious and unattractive actors would have properly developed their powers, and become lasting favorites, never have been in want of an engagement or "money enough to live on."

Miss Ince and Mr. Chanfrau were not sufficient to revive the fallen fortunes of the Winter-garden last week, for, notwithstanding the sensation play of the "Hidden Hand" and other like productions, were offered, the house presented a shocking appearance each night, on one or two occasions there being scarce money enough in the house to pay for the gas used. Salaries, we hear, have been cut down. Alas! the poor player—he is permitted to share the extra losses, but never the profits. This week Mr. J. S. Clarke, comedian, is playing an engagement; although a clever performer, we fear he will not be able to make both ends meet. There seems to be a fatality attending this house, for nothing succeeds there.

The minstrel profession is on a high horse; and why not? Hasn't burnt-cork opera out-lived, and out-profited all other styles of opera, Italian, English, and horse? Have we not prominent English and Italian opera singers now nightly "corking up," and singing the news with the Nigger Minstrel persuasion? Of a verity, 'tis so; isn't Aynsley Cook, the great baritone of the "late lamented" Cooper Opera Troupe, now performing with Bryant's Minstrels? and isn't Gustave Bideaux, late of the Italian forces, now with Lloyd's Minstrels? Oh! "the boys" can afford to be sassy, and put on a few extra airs when such things come to pass. We presume the next strike of these "irrepressible Niggers" will be made at Brignoli. Wouldn't Brig. make a gallus-looking "Nig?" More remarkable things than this come to pass now-a-days. So look out for the handsome tenor, in black.

The pit boys who attend the New Bowery are to be promoted. Heretofore, they have been confined to the very lowest part of the house—certainly a bad position for the Gods. So, Messrs. Fox and Lingard are about to make a change in the auditorium of their theatre. The pit is to be united with the dress circle—the latter being lowered—with a wide entrance leading from the circle to the pit; then, instead of calling the pit, a pit, it will be dignified with the more modern name of parquet; and then, to avoid all conflicting elements, the price of admission to the dress circle and parquet will be 30 cents; and in order to have the gods in their proper sphere, they will be promoted to the extreme upper tier, and will only have to pay three cents more than what they paid to go in the pit; the entrance fee, under the new arrangement, being 15 cents. Up there, they will have things all to themselves, without the least danger of being annoyed by the frequenters of the dress circles, as has heretofore been the case. In return for this promotion, the boys are to be debarred from throwing bad eggs, suspicious oranges, or pea nut shells, down upon the "devoted heads" of the "lower classes." This proposed change is in embryo, and as soon as definitely determined on, the company will remove to the old Bowery while the alterations at the new house are being made. Last week business was middling. This week, the drama and pantomime will be the attraction. On the 3d, a complimentary benefit is to be given Messrs. Fox & Lingard.

We put in an appearance at Niblo's, on the 29th, on the occasion of the appearance of Mr. Forrest in the tragedy of "Virginius." The house was good, but not full. The performance was a rich treat, for we have not enjoyed any of Mr. F.'s representations so much as we did his Virginius. It was grand, beautiful, inspiriting—in a word, it was a "big thing." The parts were all very cleverly sustained; but it may not be considered out of place, if we just give a line or two extra in praise of Miss Athena, as Virginia. She is a very pleasant looking little body, and enacted the part of the Roman daughter in a truly artistic manner; her conception of the character being, in our opinion, exceedingly correct, while it was rendered with childlike simplicity and naturalness. She played her part as well as Mr. Forrest did his, and that is saying a great deal. Miss Athena is on the rise—let not praise make her careless, but rather stimulate her to move upward and onward. Virginius will be repeated this evening. It is worth seeing, and we much mistake if it does not draw a big house.

There is to be a decided improvement made in American Concert Hall, 444 Broadway. The manager has secured a lease of the property adjoining the hall, a room extending the length of the concert saloon; this will be converted into a bar room, with an entrance leading from the saloon, up a small flight of stairs. This will give more room in the auditorium, and also do away with the inconvenience heretofore attending the drinking arrangements. Business continues immense at this place of amusement. Charley White, we hear, has some novelty in preparation, to be produced here at an early day.

There was only one shy house last week at Laura Keene's, the Seven Sisters proving almost as attractive as ever. We were present on Saturday evening last, and noticed that pretty Mrs. Allen came in for some hissing when speaking of the "bloodless Palmetto" flag, the most prominent of the "opposition" being a couple of individuals in the front row of the dress circle, one of whom was dressed up in "sojer clothes," something like which we have seen hanging in an old clo' shop window in Chatham street. He was bully on the hiss, equal to any other goose we ever listened to, and just about as harmless, we opine. Will it be credited when we state that the play went off with the usual *eclat*, notwithstanding the "military" demonstration made against it? thus, in another instance, showing the superiority of mind over matter. M'lle Helena, the new dancer, has been well received, but excites no *furore*, as had been anticipated.

H. S. Rumsey, of Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels, returned to the city last week, from Havana, where he has been attending to some business matters.

The new comedy, entitled "Henriette," was produced for the first time at Wallack's Theatre, on the 27th ult.; we witnessed its performance on the following evening, 28th. The attendance was remarkably good, the seats being almost entirely occupied, orchestra stalls—what an odious name for a choice seat—and all. The translation has been most favorably noticed by the press generally, big guns, little guns and so forth; and yet, in the face of this hot fire, from "friendly forces," we beg leave to say that the new comedy, to our way of thinking, is not one calculated to please the people, however much it may meet with favor at the hands of the "critics;" and for this reason we do not believe it will have the extended run predicted for it. It is well put upon the stage—as all new pieces are at Wallack's—and is cleverly played by Mr Lester and Mrs. Hoey, the others named in the cast being mere auxiliaries, some of whom might be left out altogether, and that with benefit to themselves and to the play. Notwithstanding it was cut down after the first representation, it is still draggy, and might be pruned a little more. As an evidence that the management does not look upon the new play as a sufficient attraction in itself, we notice that an "afterpiece" is announced to be given in connection with it, this week. Last week, "Henriette" ran alone. Straws show which way the wind blows. The new comedy will be unable to sustain the praise so lavishly bestowed upon it by critical "friends of the author."

The Old Bowery and National theatres remain unoccupied. Why don't Professor Anderson make one of his outlandish Physcomanteums out of the National? From Broadway he came down to the old Bowery, and the National is but a step or two lower, you know. Let him "prepon"-derate a little in Chatham street.

Be it therefore known, that on Saturday afternoon next, April 6th, a complimentary benefit will be given to Frank Brower, at Bryants Minstrels' hall. Frank is one of the pioneers in the Ethiopian business, having sung, danced, and talked Nigger in the first entertainments of the kind ever given. Frank is a capital performer on the boards, and a social, pleasant gentleman in private life. He is a resident of Philadelphia, but has a host of friends in this city, who, we trust, will exert themselves to make the testimonial a success. A rich and racy programme will be given, and Bryants' Band will contribute to the fun. Don't forget, Saturday, at 472 Broadway, at 2½ o'clock.

The "powerful moral drama" of Ruth Oakley is being performed in the lecture room of Barnum's Museum. It draws a "powerfully moral" class of the clergy, heads and tails of families, et cetera, to witness it. Go thou, ye evil thinkers, and see Ruth, et cetera.

Nixon's Circus is now performing on the off nights at Niblo's. The company is not the same that performed here last season. The manager has engaged a number of American and other performers, given them Spanish names, and so makes a burlesque of "native talent," while imposing upon the public. The boy girl Zoyara is still with the party, but the novelty has somewhat worn off since it is now so well known that Nixon's girl, Ella, is Stokes' boy, Sam. "Have you seen Sam?"

We are to have a brief season of Italian opera next week. To les-

sen the pain caused by the absence of the troupe from New York, Signor Nuzio announces that performances will be renewed here on the 8th, the "great success which has attended the Boston season" making it necessary to prolong their stay there one week. We say, nothing, except that they have not met with great success in Boston, and the season for which they engaged the house does not expire until this week. Muzey understands the ropes.

Lloyd's Minstrels open at Niblo's Saloon this evening. This band is only of recent origin, but numbers among its members some of the best minstrel talent to be found anywhere. The troupe comprises the well-known names of Cool White, of Philadelphia, of burlesque opera renown, and a most excellent interlocutor; Gustave Bideaux, late of the Italian opera, and a splendid baritone singer; Billy Birch, one of the wittiest comedians in the profession; Dave Wambold, who, in ballad singing, has few equals; Charley Fox, lately returned from London, "a fellow of infinite jest," in a style peculiar to himself; J. A. Herman, one of the original Christy Minstrels, a fair singer of sentimental songs, and a very useful man in the choruses; in addition to these, there are the names of August Asche, H. Wilks, N. Oehl, W. Burns, A. Breitkhoff, J. Eastmead, J. W. Andrews, A. Lehman, C. Blass, and Master Albertine, making a band complete in terpsichorean, comic, vocal, and instrumental performances. We shall speak of the merits of the new band in our next.

The Minstrel Fund Association will hold an adjourned meeting on Tuesday, April 2d, at 2, P. M., at 359 Broome street.

Figuratively speaking, Bryant's Minstrels are "making hay while the sun shines," at their cozy resort on Broadway, their "hay" being the dollars, and their 'sun" the public patronage. That they richly deserve the latter, no one can deny who is aware of the endeavors they make to supply an entertainment of unmistakable excellence. All that good singing and dancing, unctuous humor, and the combined talents of first-class performers can achieve, is to be found there; and there is just that due admixture of the pathetic in the programme to cause the return to the merrier mood to be right welcome. We would advise all persons addicted to low spirits to pay a visit to the Bryants. Aynsley Cook, the great "Devilshoof," makes his *debut* in black opera this evening at this house,

THE KELLER TROUPE.—For the information of the parents of the children now connected with this troupe, we would state that Mrs. Brown, of No. 11 Amity street, New York, through the instrumentality of Stephen Reed, Esq., Counsellor at Law, has succeeded in recovering possession—after much expense and trouble—of her two daughters, who were with the company. The account the young ladies give of the treatment they received, as well as the treatment received by other children in the troupe, is far from flattering to the manager, his conduct having been such as merits condign punishment. At the latest advices received, the company was at Maracaibo, from whence they were to proceed to Lima. Parents will do well to make efforts to recover their children at once, as it is stated that Mr. Keller intends to prolong his tour another two years. Mr. Reed informs us that Mrs. Brown will give every information to those parents who may call upon her.

Niblo & Sloat's Circus Company arrived here on the 29th ult., in the schooner Kate Weston, from Nassau, N. P.

Misses Mary Jane and Edith Brown, of the Keller troupe, arrived here on the 31st ult., in the bark Clara R. Sutil, from Maracaibo.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Unsworth's Minstrels closed at Chicago on the 23d ult., after a week's excellent business. It was "nip and tuck" between them and Hooley & Campbell's party, and none could say which troupe would win, but both won "golden" opinions from the peoples, and therein, we presume, both were satisfied. Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels remained there last week.

The blind vocalist and guitarist, H. P. Dudley, assisted by Billy Cook, "Ethiopian clown," gave an entertainment at Franklin, New Hampshire, on the 21st ult. They are said to have had a fair attendance, but Dudley "couldn't see it." The first part of the concert comprised ten songs, all by Dudley. The affair wound up with the "inevitable Dixie." At the same place, on the 22d, Carl Krebs gave a vocal and instrumental concert, assisted by Messrs. G. W. Ingalls, O. H. Gardner, W. Kimball, and G. Lang. It was a regular "stag party," no women folks being among the performers. For why?

After a short season of three nights by Mr. Sothern, at the Detroit Theatre, the house would close on the 28th and 29th, and re open on the 30th with Adah Isaacs Menken in the French Spy and Lola Montez. She plays there one week, and on the 5th inst. leaves for Albany, where she opens on the 6th of April.

Dr. Nathaniel Bassett, the California Circus manager and ringmaster, was lying in a very critical state at last advices, from the effects of a kick which he received from a vicious horse on the 23d Feb. As he was driving through the Mission at that time, the horse became refractory, and finally unmanageable. Dr. Bassett endeavored to get out of the wagon, and in doing so the animal kicked him violently, just below the knee joint of the right leg, fracturing both bones.

Fanny Herring closed her engagement at the Gayety Theatre, Albany, on the 30th ult.

A dramatic company is about being organised in Memphis, Tenn., to travel through towns in the West. Actors and actresses wishing to engage, can do so by addressing as per advertisement to be found in this department.

The Scott Dramatic Company, which left New York in October, in the yacht Mary Kingston, to give performances along the Southern shore, seem to have come to great grief "on a storm and rock-bound coast," in Florida, the whole concern being completely and irretrievably wrecked. It appears that on the morning of the 5th of March, at 5 o'clock A. M., while standing along the Florida Coast, they were overtaken by a heavy gale of wind, which drove the yacht high and dry on the beach, at the imminent risk of the lives of all on board. The stock of provisions giving out, Captain Scott and his brothers started for Jupiter light-house. The keeper refused to give them provisions or relief. They had therefore to retrace their weary steps—a distance of sixteen miles—to the wreck as they came. A wrecker in the neighborhood of the light-house returned with them. In this condition, exposed to the attack of wild beasts and Indians (some of whom remain in the vicinity), they remained near the wreck subsisting on Palmetto tops, and cabbage, until they were rescued by the arrival of the Cahawba. Nearly the whole of their property, including the boat, has been lost, all of which they valued at $4,000. The company were taken to New Orleans.

Recently a case came before one of the police courts in London, the object of the parties taking the initiative being to prove that an entertainment entitled "The Enchanted Hash," was in reality a pantomime, and that its production at the Canterbury Hall was consequently illegal. The affair seems to have created an immense amount of excitement in the theatrical profession, and attracted a large assemblage to the court, from the royal licenser of plays down to the property man and call boy. There were oceans of talk and some merriment, which will be credited from a perusal of the following extract from the published reports:—Joseph Stammers examined: Had been Musical Director of Drury Lane three times, and had been connected with the stage some years. Had not been to Canterbury Hall, but had read the book of "The Enchanted Hash." It was certainly neither a play nor a pantomime. Is not in favor of these Music Halls. Wished they were all closed. [Laughter.] Cross-examined: Knows what a pantomime is. Produced the last one that Rodwell wrote. Did not read the pantomime; but not having scenery or a plot it could not be a play. It is only for a concert room. The red fire would not be fit for a drawing-room. Did not see it. Mr. Cole: Then you know nothing about it. [Laughter.] David Broomer examined: Had been to see "The Enchanted Hash." Has been familiar with pantomimes since 1833. In the absence of the usual accompaniments it was decidedly not a pantomime. The characters of Harlequin, Pantaloon, Columbine, and so on were parts of ordinary pantomimes. Seeing men only partially dressed in some characters, and dressed in others, was not a transformation. Had always seen a transformation exhibited as a change before the curtain. Has seen a man coming on as Hamlet and the back part of him being the ghost. [Laughter.] Gained his theatrical experience in various ways. (Witness described this, but it is unnecessary to give them.) Had been a contributor to the Press. [Laughter.] Should be sorry to say anything against the fourth estate of the realm. [More laughter.] The book states things which did not take place. There were not characters regularly as in a stage play. Fox Cooper examined: Understood the London Managers were in a great stew about this *Hash*. [Roars of laughter.] Mr. Cole: Was the *Hash* dressed? [More laughter.] Witness: There was a good many cooks about it. [Roars of laughter, in which the magistrate good-humoredly joined.] Witness continued: Saw two persons dressed at Canterbury Hall, and changing their dresses with great rapidity. Mr. Mathews had done the same over and over again. Did not think the piece in question a pantomime, although everybody told him it was. [Laughter.] There were only two persons on the stage at one time. Charles B. West examined: Has been acting manager of several theatres for fourteen years. "The Enchanted Hash" is a perfect *Hash*. [Laughter.] It is nothing like a stage play or a pantomime. Is engaged at Canterbury Hall. Benjamin S. Fairbrother: [The appearance of this witness in the box was, somehow or other, the signal for such an outburst of laughter as it almost did one good to hear; it is to be feared it was at his expense; and, if it were so, we should say it was the "phiz" that did it.] Witness was examined by Mr. Sleigh: Had been connected with theatres for many years. Mr. Cole: You do the comic business, I suppose. [Roars of laughter.] Witness continued: "The Enchanted Hash" was neither a stage play nor a pantomime. Cross-examined: It is more like a medley duet. There were many characters in it certainly, but only two persons performed in it. Had confined himself to his own line of business at theatres. Mr. Cole: Just so. The "comic," I suppose? [More laughter.] Mr. Sleigh: You confined yourself to your own business, I suppose? Witness: Yes. The comic business is a very good business, but there are few who can play it. [Renewed laughter.] The further hearing of this case was appointed for the 10th of April, before a full bench of magistrates.

Madame Salvi, a daring wire walker attached to the establishment of Mons. Pablo Fanque, Eng., at present at the Rock Gardens, Scarborough, had a narrow escape for her life, or at least her limbs, a couple of weeks since. She was announced to ascend a wire rope from the gardens to the top of the saloon—a feat which she accomplished very cleverly. In returning, however, and while performing some movements on the rope, the wind, which had blown in gusts during the afternoon, caused her to lose her balance, and she slipped off the wire to the great consternation of the beholders. With remarkable presence of mind, she seized the wire with her hands, and hung on for several minutes, calling loudly for help. At length, as soon as possible, the wire was slackened, and Madame Salvi was drawn to the side of the bank, and released from her critical position. Had she fallen to the ground she could not have escaped serious injury. The screams of many in the crowd were louder than the cries of Madame Salvi herself. Notwithstanding her narrow escape, Madame Salvi repeated her dangerous exploits on the rope on the Thursday following.

Gardiner Coyne had been performing in Glasgow with indifferent success.

Harry Watkins was personating the irrepressible darkey, in a piece called "The Pioneers of America," at the Victoria Theatre, London.

Howard Paul has introduced our national song, "The Star Spangled Banner," into his entertainments, now being given in England.

The Buckleys, with Miss Julia Gould, were at Southampton, Eng.

Something like a disturbance took place at the Academy of Music, Boston, on the 25th ult., in consequence of Brignoli's refusal at first to answer an "encore." This refusal is said to have caused an excitement in the upper part of the house, and uproar was the result. At length, however, the singer had to obey. "Brig" must not attempt to trifle with "the gods."

A complimentary benefit was given to Miss Kate McEvoy, at Madison, Ind., on St. Patrick's day. It was under the patronage of the Hibernian Society and the Madison City Greys, and the last representation of the Cyclorama of Irish Views then took place.

In a western contemporary we find it stated, in reference to the appearance of a certain lady on the stage, that, only under the pressure of unlooked for accidents, she has "condescended" to embrace the profession of an actress. It is a pity, we think, the person spoken of should have come from her dignified retirement at all, if the circumstance has entailed the implied degradation.

Sothern's four week's engagement at the Chicago Theatre, which closed on the 23d ult., was very successful. "Our American Cousin at Home" was played two weeks to full houses. On the 22d, he had a complimentary benefit, and was honored with a crowded house. Mr. J. E. Murdock succeeded him at McVicker's, opening on the 25th, for two weeks. Mr. Sothern gave three nights at Detroit last week; he soon goes to Philadelphia, then to Boston, and will fill up the summer and fall months in New York.

Mrs. Judah was to have taken a benefit at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, on the 1st ult., being the occasion of her bidding farewell to the stage in a professional capacity.

The whole of the stud belonging to Astley's Amphitheatre, London, was up for sale at public auction on the 21st of March.

We perceive that Mr. Benjamin Webster, lessee of the Adelphi Theatre, London, has been in the custom for some time past, of tacking to his announcements, an intimation to the effect, that the "police authorities having complained of the interruption to traffic, caused by the crowds which nightly gather round the doors of the theatre, the said doors will in future be opened twenty minutes earlier than usual." By this it would appear that friend Bourcicault is accountable for an "irrepressible conflict" among the sober race with whom he is now dwelling, just as other gentlemen are for a like thing among the more excitable folks on the western side of the big pond.

William Driver, a clown connected with one of the London theatres, after tumbling on the stage, to his own and the audience's satisfaction, recently did the like thing in the streets, to nobody's satisfaction save that of a fiery young gentleman who assaulted him. It appears, that Driver, a few nights prior to the attack spoken of, being in a hurry to get up stairs, to the wings, rushed past a Miss Slade, a "fairy," engaged in the same establishment. Some violence was imputed to Mr. Merryman, which he denied. Meeting, however, with the lady's brother, the latter made a savage attack on Driver, for which, in view of the little evidence to justify or palliate the deed, the interval that had elapsed between the commission of the alleged offence and the brotherly reprisal, and the fact that pantomimic prostrations in the streets were not legal, Mr. Slade had the alternative of paying a fine or going to prison for fourteen days.

CARD.—New Orleans, March 21, 1861.—FRIEND QUKEN—I do not intend to-day to furnish you with correspondence as of yore; for of that, at present, I have none, but what I wish to do, is to notice a communication from J. P. Smith, agent of George Christy's Minstrels, in the issue of the 16th March, in which, after giving a detailed account of their journey, &c.; he takes the opportunity of having a fling at other bands whom they have chanced to meet on their travels, referring particularly to a band *organized in this city*, under the name of *Southern Talented Home-Produced Minstrels*, and *informing* the public that he did not know of a single member that was not from the North or East. It certainly would make but little difference where the birth place of each member was, whether North or South, if they had the talent to back them. Why he should seek to prejudice the public, at the expense of a rival company, I cannot conceive, as it is not the usual practice to bring nationalities to bear in the minstrel business. This much, however, I can say, as regards that particular band, to wit:—They *were* organized in this city, and four of the number were born in, or are residents of this city, viz:—Clannon, Snyder, Russell, and Willet, of the others, I am not sure; but as regards T. Clannon, I can say I was the first party to introduce him to the minstrel business, and knowing the position he now holds in the profession, can only find the excuse for the attack, by presuming that the talent was superior to that of the "star band," and may have seriously incommoded the "agent" in his duties. I do not write this from any ill feeling to any member of George Christy's band—all of whom I have had the pleasure, while here, of often meeting—but for the purpose of removing any false impressions that might enure to the disadvantage of the Southern Minstrels.

Respectfully yours, LEXINGTON.

The London *Punch*, in a recent issue, comes down very severely upon those writers for the stage who are in the habit of filching from other sources. Referring to the death of Scribe, the Frenchman, our humorous friend states that the English Lord Chamberlain had suggested that several well-known dramatists do forthwith put their Boyer's Dictionary into decent mourning. At the same time gentlemen who have annexed the entire plot and dialogue of any of M. Scribe's pieces will have their dictionaries re-bound in black, while, for authors who have simply "adapted," a temporary cover of black calico will suffice. Appropriators of fragments and epigrams from the same source will insert black book marks, or stripes of black ribbon. Half mourning to commence on Easter Monday, with the holiday spectacles, and on Shakespeare's birth day the authors will go out of mourning. The hit is a smart one, and well deserved.

Sometimes, we hear very wonderful revealments respecting the capacity of certain persons to perform certain things. It was only the other day that we read a long account of how a French juggler really cut off the head of a soldier, and then placed it on his shoulders, without any trouble whatever; and now we are called upon to report the existence of a wizard nearer home, whom, it seems, nobody can out do in skill. He resides in Albany, we are told, and if what is written of him be true, he can cause a loaded hod to go up a ladder without the least assistance, transform a handkerchief into a rabbit, and make it trot off at a rapid pace, and do several other things which no one else has ever attempted.

A very laughable incident came off a few nights since, at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, during the last scene in "Guy Mannering." Mrs. Waller, as Meg Merrilies, as set down for her in the book, made a dying request for the group upon the stage to shout "again," as a welcome to Bertram's heir. This was, as a matter of course, responded to; but no sooner had the "one cheer more" been finished, than an urchin, perched up aloft in the gallery, exclaimed, "again." It was a critical moment. Many of the audience thought that the extra cheer would be given, with a "tiger;" but the dramatic propriety of the scene was maintained, and poor Meg was removed from the stage in silence.

Freeberthyser's Swiss Bell Ringers have been performing the changes in St. Louis, after a seven years' retirement from what poor Poe called the "dinging and the ringing."

The Campbell Minstrels gave their last entertainment in St. Louis on the 23d ult.

Geo. Christy's Minstrels concluded their first week in St. Louis on the 22d ult.

Winchell, with his drolleries, and the Keller Troupe, were at St. Louis last week.

Mr. Hernandez has been the "card" for some time past at the Melodeon, Baltimore, where he has been performing in his piece called "Bianci."

The Museum, in Baltimore, has been giving afternoon and evening entertainments—the former being the most numerously attended.

Since the reduction in the prices of admission at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, there has been a manifest improvement in the business. Mr. Eddy, who has been performing there, continues this week. On the 28th ult. he appeared as Virginius, on the occasion of the benefit of Miss Alice Gray.

The St. Louis Dramatic Company commenced at the Opera House, in that city, on the 21st of March. Among the company we find the names of Messrs. Barney, Geo. Pardney, Huntley, Wilmot, J. F. Noyes, T. L. Conner, Hamilton, Johnson, H. P. Wilson, H. C. Pardney, Wildman, and Egan; Mrs. Martin; Misses Florence Bell, Johnson, L. Noyes, and Hattie Martin.

The recent benefit of Miss Charlotte Thompson, at the Varieties, New Orleans, seems to have fulfilled its name in more senses than one. The house was crowded on the occasion, we hear, and on the first appearance of Miss Thompson, she was the recipient of bouquets, some containing jewelry or bank notes; added to which, we believe, the stockholders of the theatre made up a handsome purse for her. As an instance of professional good feeling, it is perhaps worthy of record, that one of the bouquets thrown at the feet of Miss Thompson, came from Adelina Patti, who was sitting in a stage box.

The Continental Hotel and Opera House, Baltimore, opens this evening (the 1st), under the management of Mr. Albert Cassidy, and the proprietorship of Col. William Ellinger. It seems to be a very splendid building, and admirably adapted for the purposes it will be devoted to. In depth it is 178 feet, by 48 feet front; containing on the first floor, a music hall, reading rooms, box office, and bar room, and a large dining room capable of accommodating sixty persons. The bed chambers are on the third and fourth floors, and are all well ventilated, carpeted, and altogether furnished in a first-class style: their number being between thirty and forty. On each floor, in the rear, are the bath rooms, furnished with hot and cold water, while the entire building is duly heated with steam. The Opera House will seat 950 persons; has two elegantly furnished private boxes; the ceiling and walls are frescoed, and ornamented in oil colors; the seats range one above the other, and are amply cushioned. The stage measures on its front 26 feet, and is 19 feet deep; having the gentlemen's dressing room on one side, and the green room on the other, while below, is a capacious apartment, heated by steam, and carpeted, intended for the dressing room of the ladies. The scenery is beautiful, and from the artistic hand of Mr. C. S. Getz. Mr. C. Henri is the stage director, and Mr. A. Jamieson, familiarly known as "Sandy," is the conductor of the orchestra. Among the other engagements are those of Misses H. O. Lalande, Jenny Johnson, Eugenia Clinton, and Petite Emilie; Joseph Parker, comedian; H. Henri, tenor; Frank Christopher, balladist; F. Frazier, baritone; J. W. Landis, bones; John F. Draper, banjo; and Fulton Myers, tamborinist and burlesque dancer.

General Tom Thumb and suite visit Susquehanna, Pa., April 1; Deposit, N. Y., 2; Hancock, N. Y., 3; Port Jervis, N. Y., 4; Middletown, N. Y., 5th; Goshen, N. Y., 6th; and Newburgh, N. Y., 8th, 9th and 10th.

The Excelsior Troupe of Bohemian Glass Blowers open at Concert Hall, Poughkeepsie, April 1st.

Mr. and Miss Richings' engagement at the Boston Museum closes this week. They have been quite successful, the production of the Enchantress assisting materially in swelling the receipts.

At the Museum of Vannuchi, in New Orleans, they have a curiosity, in the shape of Miss Fannie Wallace, a young Scottish lady, who weighs 675 lbs.

The Zouaves were still at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, giving their war spectacles.

The anniversary of St. Patrick was devoted to the benefit of Mr. Corri, manager of the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans. An appropriate Irish drama was performed on the occasion.

The cast of "Guy Mannering," as recently performed at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, seems to have been very strong, including McManus as Henry Bertram; DeBar as Dandie Dinmont; Golden as Colonel Mannering; W. P. Smith as Dominie Sampson; Riley as Gilbert Glossen; Miss B. Llewellen as Lucy Bertram; Miss Laura Honey as Julia Mannering; Miss E. Macden as Flora; Mrs. McManus as Mrs. McClandish; and Mrs. Waller as Meg Merrilies.

Miss Fanny Herring took a benefit at the New Gayety Theatre, Albany, on the 29th ult., when, among other parts, she appeared as the gallant Richmond in "Richard the Third."

G. F. Bailey & Co.'s French and American Circus will start on their travels, from Danbury, Conn., about the middle of April. The company will comprise E. W. Perry, two and four horse rider; John Foster, American clown; W. H. Cavanagh, Shakesperian jester; Jas. Dermott; Conrad brothers; Miss Jenny Perry; Mad. Perry; the Tournaire Family, M'lle Louise Tournaire, M'lle Josephine Tournaire, etc., etc., and S. C. Woolston, ring master.

"The Star Vocalists," Wm. B. Brown, and Miss Ermina A. Marsh, gave entertainments at Town Hall, Lebanon Centre, N. H., on the 28th and 29th ult.

The Zouave Operatic Concert Troupe are in Ohio. They appeared in a concert at Kenton, in that State, on the 23d ult. The operatic party consists of Miss Sheffield, soprano; Miss E. Sheffield, alto; Edward Orpen, first tenor; J. Farleigh, second tenor; Charles H. Pearce, basso; N. P. Aldrich, baritone; Charles Lascelles, pianist. At Cincinnati, tableaux were also given, in which "fifty young ladies appeared, in befitting costume."

Wilson & Morris' Minstrels gave an entertainment at Smith's Hall, Manchester, N. H., on the 29th ult. Charley Backus, Add Weaver, and Little Barney, are with the company, to say nothing of the great clog dancer, Fred. Wilson. This is announced as the "second annual tour of the troupe, previous to their visit to California and Australia."

The Pine Street Theatre, and Academy of Music, in Providence, R. I., are both closed, for the want of patronage.

During the performance at the Memphis, Tenn., Theatre, on Friday night, 22d ult., the house in which Mr. Griffiths, the old man of the theatre—resided, was burnt to the ground, and the entire wardrobe of himself and wife—the accumulation of sixteen or seventeen years toil—entirely destroyed. Mr. Griffiths had five hundred dollars in gold and silver on the premises, about one fourth of which amount was recovered from the ruins on the following day. Efforts were being made by the citizens of Memphis to reimburse Mr. G. for his pecuniary loss; but the loss of his wardrobe and manuscripts, of which he is said to have had a very large collection, can only be replaced by many years of toil and perseverance. The members of the company, and the management, have tendered Mr. Griffiths a complimentary benefit, which will take place in a few days, and for which Miss Maggie Mitchell has volunteered her services. Many presents of money and clothing have already been forwarded to the sufferers.

The season of the Memphis Theatre is expected to close in the middle of April.

On Wednesday, the 20th ult., W. A. Rouse, opened Beckel's Hall, Dayton, Ohio, with a stock company, and played to fine business for the remainder of the week, closing on Saturday evening with a benefit to Miss Fannie Denham, the leading woman. In the company are also Miss Jennings, Miss Wilmot, Mr. Hall Robinson, the comedian, and Messrs. J. W. Jennings, J. Templeton, W. J. Mack, L. Smith, and Morris Wilson. They performed last week at Springfield, Ohio.

Prof. Flagg, the Magic Oil Man, and the Marshall Children, assisted by Billy Williams, Negro Delineator, gave an exhibition at Huston Hall, Dayton, Ohio, on Saturday evening, 23d ult., meeting with poor success.

T. L. Donnelly's Dramatic Troupe opened at Beckel's Hall, Dayton, Ohio, on Monday, 25th ult., with a good house. The company are:—Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Donnelly; Misses Charlotte Crampton, Lyons, Rosa Hill; Mrs. Menen; Messrs. T. B. Hutchings, C. L. Allen, J. Smith, C. C. Gibson, and H. E. Mehen; A. Fisk, Scenic Artist.

Wood's Minstrels opened at Dayton, Ohio, on the 27th ult., at Huston Hall, with a full house. They remained three nights.

The Regimental Band of Dayton, Ohio, will give a grand concert at Huston Hall, about Saturday, April 6th; they will be assisted by the Dayton Light Guard, in a drill of Hardee's Tactics.

The American Brass Band of Providence, R. I., gave a concert in the Academy of Music, in that city, on the 26th ult. They were assisted by Mrs. J. M. Mozart, and Mr. John N. Patterson, pianist.

Lewis' Dramatic Company performed last week in Rome, N. Y., and seem to have met with sufficient patronage to encourage them to stop there another week.

Alonzo Hubbell, "the American Sampson," is travelling through the South. He exhibited in Charlotte, N. C., on the 18th ult.; Salisbury, 20th; and Goldsboro', 23d.

A correspondent in Petersburg, Va., says there is a good chance for a circus company to make a strike down that way. He says Bailey's Circus, and Van Amburgh's Company would do well South, as they have a good reputation there.

Our Louisville, Ky., summary of news will be found in the annexed letter of our correspondent, "S. T.," dated March 27:—"The houses at the theatre have improved for the last few nights, but at the same time not what they should have been. Miss Virginia Howard has concluded a two weeks engagement, and has given satisfaction to the patrons of the theatre. This lady came here unheralded, and, I might say, almost unknown. She has sustained her different *roles* in a manner that would reflect credit upon stars of more pretensions.....Friday night, the fair manageress, Mrs. Lorton, took a benefit, and was rewarded with a full house. 'Cherry and Fair Star,' 'Perfection,' and 'The Morning Call' were the attractions. In the former, Mrs. L. made her first appearance this season as Fair Star; also playing Susan in 'Perfection.' Mrs. L. deserves great credit for her efforts to sustain the theatre in these queer times. While the Nashville and Cincinnati theatres have closed, the old Louisville Theatre still remains open with its colors nailed to the mast.....Saturday evening Sidney Smith, the low comedian, had a benefit. Three pieces, 'Rent Day,' 'Betty Martin,' and 'The Magic Barrel.' House was nearly full, notwithstanding two benefits on the same week.....The German Operatic Company, of St. Louis, are now giving a series of performances at Mozart Hall, under the direction of Manager Boernstein. The houses have been excellent, and gave great delight to the numerous Teutons in Louisville. In consequence of the appointment of Mr. Boernstein as Collector at St. Louis the stay of the troupe has been shortened. They leave for St. Louis on Saturday.....Mozart Hall has been leased by Mr. E. Bauer, who will make several improvements, and devote his whole time and energy to the interests of the same. George Christy's Minstrels open here on Monday, April 1st, for six nights.....Tom, the blind negro pianist, is holding forth at Masonic Temple to good business.....Kane's Arctic Panorama has been doing a land office business in New Albany for the past week. Among the features of this show is the lecture delivered by Mr. Hanker, an old actor. This panorama opens in Evansville, Ind., shortly."

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels performed in Providence, R. I., on the 28th ult., to an audience numbering nearly 2,000 persons. They were to have given another entertainment on the 29th.

Miss Eva Brent gave her first concert in Georgetown, British Guiana, on the 21st of March. She created a favorable impression, and was encored in some of her songs; but the entertainment seems to have been attended with some disadvantages: Boudinot, the basso, apologising for not doing as he would have wished, owing to a severe cold. Mr. Muller was also "indisposed." A third concert was announced for the 7th ult. These concerts, it may not be out of place to state, are under the patronage of "his Excellency the Governor, and Mrs. Wodehouse."

Charley Devear's Circus, from Calcutta, bound to New Orleans, in the bark Judith, was recently wrecked off Cape San Antonia, south coast of Cuba; all the horses and baggage were lost, but the company were all saved.

Show business in Havana is a "dead cock in the pit," although a few petty concerns still hold out. Chiarini's Circus had closed, and a panorama of Hudson River was occupying the building. Wood's tent was still up, occupied by various exhibitions. Donetti's dogs and monkeys were to appear there. It is said that Eldridge has the elephants, horses, and other animals which J. E. Bacon was contending for, and was about making a tour through the country.

The chime of bells in Grace Church, Providence, R. I., were to have been tried for the first time on Easter Sunday. The bells are sixteen in number, and weigh 17,425 lbs., the largest bell weighing 3,521 lbs., being 500 lbs. heavier than any other bell in that city. They cost $6,000.

Professor Risley, De Varney, J. Hernandez, and Bill Worrall and family were in Calcutta at last accounts. Rowe and wife had gone to California.

P. H. Seamon, Yankee clown, and his wife and son, together with Johnny Glenroy, bare back rider, are in Freeport, Ill., waiting for something to turn up, so that they may turn up themselves.

The Nelson Sisters are in Lockport, N. Y., where they seem to have been favorably received.

Adah Isaacs Menken is performing at the Detroit Theatre, this week. She next appears in Albany.

Another minstrel gone. G. W. Meeker, better known as "Old Governor," of the Christy Minstrels, died in Dublin, Ireland, of heart disease, on the 12th of March, after lying sick for six weeks. He was formerly connected with various bands in New York, and elsewhere, and was originally one of the old Campbell party, with Murphy, West, and Peel. We believe he has relatives in Newark, N. J. Mr. Meeker is represented as having been a man enjoying the repect of all who knew him, and a more inoffensive man never existed.

Cooke, whose circus was destroyed by fire in Portsmouth, Eng., on the 8th ult., is said to have sustained a loss of £4,000 by the disaster; eight of his best horses were destroyed. He was not insured, and the people are raising subscriptions for his relief.

The Swiss Bell Ringers chimed-in at Odd Fellows' Hall, Memphis, Tenn., on the 26th ult.

Maggie Mitchell is playing a second engagement at the New Memphis Theatre, where she has produced the new drama of the "Cricket."

The Continentals gave a concert in Fireman's Hall, Binghampton, N. Y., on Saturday evening, March 23d. They were advertised at Susquehanna for 22d, but got "snowed up" on the road, and did not meet the engagement. Same at Port Jervis, 21st.

At Poughkeepsie, Myron's Dramatic Company have been giving a series of performances for the past seven weeks, and closed to a poor house. Business had for the last week or two; things run into the ground. Miss Kimberly was their star for a time, producing the "Octoroon," and "Colleen Bawn." The company are advertised to open in Kingston on the 24, but doubts are entertained as to their "being able to open."

Proposals for one year's lease of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, close on the 2d inst. We understand that numerous parties have sent in proposals.

Harry Chapman is performing at McDonough's Olympic, Philadelphia.

Mr. Joseph Proctor, having concluded the third month of his tour through a part of England, was to appear at the Queen's Theatre, Hull, on the 11th of March, for six nights, and at the Theatre Royal, Paisley, on the 18th, for twelve nights.

The following is a list of the company now performing at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee:—Sam Ryan, comedian; G. W. Thompson, heavy; F. Roach, juveniles; A. N. Sharp and James, walking gentlemen; C. P. Degroot, old man; Spellane and Crumsden, utility; Mrs. Kate Denin Ryan, Mrs. H. A. Perry, Miss P. Thompson, Miss Nast, Miss Wilford, &c.

An extensive and disastrous conflagration occurred on the 10th of March, in Portsmouth, Eng., by which the whole of the wooden building containing Cooke's Circus, was destroyed, along with nearly all the properties, wardrobe, and eight valuable horses. The origin of the fire seems to have been quite accidental.

Tom Taylor's last piece, "A Duke in Difficulties," recently produced at the Haymarket, London, is spoken of by well qualified critics as a worthless affair, and by no means successful, notwithstanding the applause lavished on it by a partial audience.

On the 5th ult., at Brompton, near London, died Mr. J. M. Maddox, long known to the theatrical world, in connection with the management of the Princess' Theatre. Mr. Maddox was in the seventy second year of his age, and in early life had been engaged in mercantile pursuits.

Adah Isaacs Menken took a benefit at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, on the 22d ult. The house was completely filled on the occasion, and among the attractions; was a tight rope ascension by Master Henri, *alias* "Young Blondin." The pieces were "The Female Brigand" and "Boots at the Swan," which were alternated by dances in which Miss Menken and Miss Kate Partington displayed considerable grace. After the performances, the American Cornet Band, belonging to the city, serenaded Miss Menken at her hotel—a compliment for which she expressed her thanks from the balcony.

Christy's Minstrels were to open at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, on the 18th of March, with the following talent:—W. P. Collins, N. Nish, G. J. Wilsom, G. W. Moore, T. Christian, Mert Sexton, J. H. Melvyn, J. Rainford, W. Howard, H. Murray, J. Spiller, and L. Spiller; H. Montague, Agent. This company has been doing the greatest business this season that they have done since they left this country.

Magilton, Fisher, Dunbar & Co., the Rocky Mountain Wanderers, were at the Alhambra, London, doing a great business.

From Pittsburgh we have the following items in "Adelphi's" letter, under date of March 28:—Miss Sue Denin—an actress always successful in our city—received a flattering welcome upon her reappearance upon the boards of the Pittsburgh theatre on Monday evening last. She made her *debut* as Joseph, in the Scriptural sensation play of "Joseph and His Brethren." Mr. Henderson has been to some trouble and expense in getting this piece up, and it is brought out in fine style—properties, scenery, and dresses mostly new. It has been up during the week, and we think it might have been profitably run for some time, but as the engagement is but for one week, it was withdrawn last night to make room for other novelties. "Rose Elmore" and the "Woman in White" will be produced during the engagement..... The Lloyds did a fair business at Concert Hall on the evenings of the 25th, 26th, and 27th. They have been visited by a large number of the most respectable class of our denizens, who express the utmost satisfaction with the entertainments. Rideaux has created quite a sensation by his singing of the "Marseillaise" in French. None but a genuine Frenchman could render this soul stirring composition with such thrilling effect. It was a brilliant triumph for the singer, and was invariably encored.

Miss Julia Barton, in reply to an item that recently appeared in our paper concerning her "being pitched into by her husband," says the facts are these:—An intoxicated man went to her door, and asked admission, which was refused; he therefore made violent threats, upon which the police took the case in hand. It is further stated that her husband is in the city of New York, and could not have been in Memphis, as stated.

Myers' Dramatic Company closed in Lawrence, Mass., last week, and opened in Lynn on the 30th for six nights, at the conclusion of which they appear in Manchester, N. H., for three weeks, where Mr. E. L. Tilton joins the troupe.

On Monday evening next, April 8th, Miss Charlotte Cushman will commence a two weeks' engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. This will be her farewell engagement there. She will be supported by Mr. John Gilbert, and J. B. Studley.

The same tale to be told of Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, in Boston, viz.: crowded houses, and delighted audiences.

Wood's Minstrels, (Bleecker's Party) were at Dayton, Ohio, last week.

Thiodon's Museum of Arts is in its third week at Merrill Hall, Detroit.

The Webb Sisters gave two entertainments last week at Fireman's Hall, Detroit, Mich. They were assisted by Messrs. Rankin and Hotto.

The Old Folks are still giving their queer and quaint concerts in England. The troupe commenced their entertainments at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, where they sang sixteen nights, with success; after which they went to Chester, for one night; then returned to Liverpool, and sang in Lord Nelson Hall, one night. From there they went direct to London, and have been singing at St. James' Hall for five weeks, with fair success, also giving morning concerts at Crystal Palace. They were to go to Brighton on the 18th, for two weeks, and then *return to London, and sing* in the Crystal Palace all Easter week. Mrs. Emma J. Nichols has become quite a favorite with the Britishers, her songs being received with great applause. Mr. A. C. Ryder, the basso, has also made a favorable impression, his "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and "Old Sexton" making a decided hit. Mrs. Reed, Mr. Green, and Mr. Fielder have also come in for favorable notice.

Miss Emma Stanley, the woman of Seven Ages notoriety, closed her entertainments in London on the 16th ult. The season was not remunerative.

Mad. Caradori, from New York, arrived at Southampton, Eng., on the 14th ult., *en route* for London.

In the case of *stage* plays being performed in concert halls, and unlicensed houses, in England, referred to in our last, the magistrates decided against the hall proprietor, and adjudged him to pay £5, with full costs, with the intimation that if any further performance took place of any licensed Play, Farce, Burletta, or part of any Play, the full penalty of £20 per night would be exacted; and if any Plays not duly licensed by the Lord Chamberlain were performed, the full penalty of £50 would be enforced. The Bench allowed the defendant twenty-four hours to pay, and if not paid at that time, the sum to be levied on his goods, and in default of sufficient distraint he was to be committed to prison for two months.

Notwithstanding it was holy week, business has been quite flourishing in Philadelphia since our last, as may be learned from the letter of "Young Rapid," dated March 31:—"Nearly all the places of amusement have been crowded during the past week. At the Walnut, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack are fulfilling the most brilliant engagement they ever played in this city. During the early part of the week "The Iron Mask" was played, and for their benefit on Friday, "Oliver Twist" was given. As Fagin, James Wallack has no living superior; his prison scene is one of the best performances ever witnessed on the stage. Mrs. Wallack's Nancy Sykes is also a very creditable performance. The Wallacks play another week, appearing on Monday in the beautiful play of "Lesbia." Mr. James Wallack is an actor that can do more good and bad acting on the same evening than any other *artiste* in the profession. Business has been very good, and I hope will continue so. Previous arrangements at this house have been slightly altered. Mr. E. A. Sothern was to have commenced on the 8

THE ARAB TO HIS STEED.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

Come forth, my proud Arabian, the swelling sounds of war
Peal loudly on the morning air, from crimson'd fields afar;
Toss back thy wild and flowing mane, the foeman's vaunting cry
Can bring no terrors to thy heart—no dimness to thine eye.

'Mid thousand coursers on the plain, tho' wing'd with lightning speed,
I've seen thee foremost in the ranks, my brave, fleet-footed steed,
Undaunted 'mong a hostile band, thy proud, defying neigh
Sent horror to the craven hearts that lin'd thine onward way.

With tiny hands, my gallant steed, I've stroked thine arching neck,
And many a childish garland wreath'd thy king-like head to deck;
I've taught thee to a nursling's touch that lofty head to bow,
And cheer'd thee with a manly strength to dare the battle's brow.

Come forth, my proud Arabian—impatient of delay,
I see thee madly paw the earth, I hear thy swelling neigh;
Come forth—thy prancing hoof is arm'd, and ready for the toil,
The Arab rider and his steed fight for their native soil.

One bound—I clasp thy panting sides, I feel thy heaving heart,
And yet, ere night—perchance, my gallant steed, we part;
It matters not—away, away, we battle for the brave,
So that the Arab and his steed, may fill a victor's grave.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FOUR.

EDMUND KEAN.

"The Brama's days seemed almost on the wane
When Kean burst forth and made them bright again."

Mr. Kean was born November 4, 1787, in Castle-street, Leicester-square, London. His father—Aaron Kean—was a tailor, and brother to Moses Kean, the celebrated ventriloquist; his mother was daughter of Geo. Saville Carey. He was cradled by chance, and neglected in nursing. When scarcely able to walk, he was placed under the care of a posture master, at Drury-lane Theatre, where he is said to have acquired an extraordinary flexibility of limb. The exertions he underwent were, however, too much for his strength and health; his bones became so distorted, that at four years of age the bowing of his legs unfitted him for public appearance, and it was only by timely aid and bracing irons that they were restored to symmetrical appearance.

He remained at the Drury-lane Theatre till his fifth year, when a ludicrous accident occurred, which caused him to quit this temple of Thespis. It is thus recorded by one of his biographers:—

"Mr. Kemble, wishing to increase the effect of the incantation scene in 'Macbeth,' resolved that 'black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,' should be introduced in *propria persona* before the audience. For that purpose, a number of children were appointed to personate these fantastical creations, who were to dance in a circle, while the witches were moving round the cauldron. Among the number selected for this purpose, young Kean was of course employed, as being accustomed to the business of the stage; but his appearance on this occasion was as little advantageous to himself as to his employer. At the moment of Macbeth's entrance into the cavern, our hero made an unlucky step, from which, owing to the irons about his limbs, he could not recover; he fell against the next child to him, who rolled upon his neighbor, who, in turn, jostled upon the next, and the impulse thus communicated, like an electric shock, went round the circle, till the whole party 'toppled down headlong,' and were laid prostrate on the floor. This, of course, produced much laughter among the audience; and the sombre Kemble, who could but little enjoy a laugh occasioned by the failure of one of his own introductions, took the infantine performer severely to task upon the subject, who, it is said, wittily excused himself by begging the manager 'to consider that he, Kean, had never before appeared in tragedy.'"

After this mishap he was sent to school, from which he ran away, and went as cabin boy on board a vessel bound for Madeira. Here he was taken sick, and after remaining several months in a hospital, worked his passage home, where he arrived penniless and houseless, only to find his father dead. For some time he could learn no tidings of his mother.

At the age of fourteen he joined a small company of players, and performed in Yorkshire, and shortly after in Richardson's Show Company where he became an expert tumbler in the ring, and a most daring equestrian. After leaving this troupe he joined a small theatre in Yorkshire, where he acquitted himself with considerable success. At Eton, now London, where Kean was a successful hero, the theatre was crowded every night, and the fame of the young actor reached the palace at Windsor. A message from royalty, commanding the attendance of Kean, astonished and delighted the manager, and the mother, or reputed mother, of the young hero, who was with him. But what was to be done? Although the "business" at Eton had been good, it had not lasted long enough to enable the actors to renew their wardrobes. Kean's upper garment was something between a coat and a jacket; he had a rusty hat, a black neck-kerchief, and a pair of nankeen trowsers, reaching a little below the knee, and retaining none of the pristine color. In such attire he could not present himself before royalty. At length, by dint of begging and borrowing, he was made "decent," and had the honor of appearing and reciting before Majesty. On returning from the palace, with a couple of guineas in his pocket, Kean "disdained the showman's painful life;" and, after counsel with his mother, decided on quitting Mr. Richardson's booth, and taking the Town Hall, Windsor, for recitations. The speculation, however, did not succeed, and Kean ended as poor as he had commenced, save in fame, which had increased considerably. Here he attracted the attention of Dr. Drury, who sent him to Eton school, where he remained, under the name of Carey, nearly three years.

On leaving Eton, he resumed his theatrical career, also under the name of Carey, and obtained an engagement at Birmingham, where he opened in the arduous part of Hamlet, in which he was considered to fail by the townsfolk. From Birmingham he proceeded to Edinburgh, Scotland, where he was rather tolerated than admired. In the year 1805, I find him acting at Sheerness, near London. About this period he was engaged for inferior business at the Haymarket Theatre, where he remained one season, and was then engaged at Croydon, in Surrey, but relinquished his engagement there rather than play Laertes to Master Betty's Hamlet; an instance of the value he set upon his own talents, and the respect he had for the profession itself, which he thought would be injured by a boy's personation of a Shakespearean hero.

In the *corps* to which Kean was attached, the weekly receipts of the individual performers amounted, on an average, to the immense sum of *three shillings and sixpence!* out of which the actor had *only* to find himself in bed, board, washing, clothing—in short, all the necessaries of life, and all the tawdry trappings of the stage; and yet, as a proof of the extraordinary infatuation which such a life possesses for its followers, Kean has been repeatedly heard to declare, even in the zenith of his success, that he was a happier man in those days, when he received but *three shillings and sixpence weekly*, as the reward of his performances, night after night, in tragedy, comedy, farce, pantomime, and song, than when at the head of his profession, and in the receipt of thousands of pounds. In the same town of Croydon, it was, that, some twelve months afterwards, Kean, by one of the happiest retorts on theatrical record, evinced the consciousness of his own mental power, and triumphantly repelled the ignorant and invidious attack of "the cant of criticism." He was announced for Alexander the Great; and the triumphal car, in which our hero was drawn in mimic procession, had just reached the centre of the stage, when, as it passed in "slow and solemn state" by the foot lights, some supercilious coxcomb in the stage box exclaimed with a sneer:—"Alexander the *Great!* Alexander the *Little!*" Kean, with admirable presence of mind, turned his head deliberately around, without altering his position, and fixing his eye with a look of ineffable scorn upon the self-sufficient sneerer, replied:—"Yes! but with a *great soul!*" The spirit of the actor roused the audience to a just sense of the insult that had so unworthily been offered to him, and whilst they applauded the promptitude and manliness of the retort, his mortified assailant slunk away from the scene of Kean's triumph.

Kean proceeded from Croydon to Swansea, Wales, and from thence to Waterford, Ireland. In the latter place he married a Miss Chambers; and, previously to their leaving, took his benefit. After the tragedy Kean gave a specimen of tight rope dancing, and another of sparring with a professional pugilist; he then played the leading part in a musical interlude, and finished with Chimpanzee, the monkey, in the melo-dramatic pantomime of "La Perouse." In this character he showed agility scarcely surpassed by the Mazarier of Gouffe, and touches of deep tragedy in the monkey's death scene, which made the whole audience shed tears.

A few years afterwards Kean was in London in the very height of his reputation, for he was firmly established, having triumphed over the opposition of the Kemble school, and stood his ground against the more perilous risk of public caprice.

Soon after this Kean went to Scotland, and from thence to Belfast, where Mr. Atkins then wielded the theatrical truncheon; and there, soon after his arrival, he was called upon, with the brief notice of two days, to study Osmyn, in "The Mourning Bride," the tragedy in which Mrs. Siddons proposed commencing an engagement of three nights. From Belfast Kean proceeded to London, and played one season in minor characters; after which he went to Weymouth, Guernsey, and thence to Gloucester and Exeter, where his tragedy was not much admired, though his singing and dancing were always warmly applauded. Dr. Drury, who had long marked the aspiring originality of his genius, and the rapid strides with which he was advancing towards excellence, was so struck with his performance at Exeter, in 1813, that he wrote to Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, one of the Managing Committee of Drury-lane Theatre, recommending that a trial should be granted him there; and observing that Kean alone was capable of sustaining the declining fortunes of the theatre. Drury lane was on the verge of ruin; the tide of public favor had set against the house; novelty after novelty had been produced in vain; in a word, the house was literally deserted. At this critical moment Mr. Grenfell received Dr. Drury's communication, when it was immediately decided upon sending Mr. Arnold, the stage manager of Drury-lane, to determine upon the correctness of Dr. Drury's statement. Mr. Arnold saw Kean in Octavian, in "The Mountaineers," and Kanko, in "La Perouse," at the Dorchester Theatre, and immediately engaged him for three years, at an increasing salary of eight guineas a week for the first year, ten for the second, and twelve for the third. The pleasant anticipations which this good fortune was calculated to inspire, were damped by the death of the actor's eldest son, Howard, which took place on the day he had concluded terms with Mr. Arnold. He had to make his way up to the Metropolis in absolute poverty; to support himself, his wife, and the son still left him—the present Chas. Kean—in a style of apparent competence, till the arrangements of the theatre afforded him an opportunity of putting his talents to the test of a London audience.

He nigh abandoned the undertaking altogether, and made up his mind to return to the provinces, as the hour of trial approached, and he would have done so had he not accidentally encountered an old friend, even on the morning preceding his first appearance as Shylock, who succeeded in stimulating him to the decisive effort, and decisive it was. The house, though not crowded, presented no "beggarly account of empty boxes;" but, after greeting the new Shylock with such applause as is customary, the audience were painfully silent, until he uttered the words, "I will be assured," &c. "Then," as he himself expressed it, "indeed, I felt—I knew I had them with me!" From that moment to the close of the trial scene, the applause that crowned his exertions was enthusiastic. The originality of the style, and the vigor of his genius drew down the most enthusiastic applause, which heightened with every scene, until, at length, it became absolutely tumultuous.

This night, January 26th, 1814, was the starting-post of the course upon which Kean was destined to run his splendid race. His fame increased with every successive repetition of the character of Shylock, and it was soon admitted that he might challenge competition with the brightest and most distinguished ornaments of the stage; but it was reserved for his performance of Richard the Third, to place him at once on the highest pinnacle of dramatic glory. It was by Kean that, after one hundred and thirty-nine nights of continued loss and disappointment, the interests of Drury Lane Theatre were revived, and that season, which promised to involve all concerned in the establishment in one general ruin, was turned to one of brilliant success and extraordinary profit.

In Liverpool, Kean made his first appearance on 15th July, 1816, in the character of Richard the Third; his acting was highly appreciated, but was not so attractive as his great fame warranted him to expect, owing, probably, to his appearing so closely on the retirement of Mr. Kemble, who had drawn great houses for fifteen successive nights. Kean's visit in the following year was also most unfortunately timed, happening in the week immediately preceding a great musical festival for which the whole community were making extensive preparations. Through these means, his engagement was a signal failure. He was extremely mortified, and, on the night of his benefit, being loudly called for, he, for a long time, refused to comply. At last he presented himself before the curtain with very ill grace, and thanked the "*visitors present*" for their attendance, but regretted that his efforts had not met with that success which had attended them in the various towns he had had the honor of visiting; and he could only attribute it to his own "*inferior talent*," and to the "*superior judgment*" of the Liverpool public. This ironical compliment was taken at the moment in its literal sense, and thunders of applause cheered the actor's exit.

In July, 1820, Kean, intending to visit America, announced his farewell benefit at the King's Theatre, London. He offered a most unprecedented series of entertainments as the attraction, and many went from an apprehension that it was really the last time they should ever have an opportunity of seeing their favorite. The consequence was, that many hours before the performances commenced, the doors of the theatre were completely besieged; the crowd extending round the house, and across the street. Never was witnessed such an extraordinary, or so interesting a theatrical display. Kean gave the 4th act of "Richard the Third;" the 4th act of "The Merchant of Venice," the 5th act of "A New Way to pay Old Debts," the 2d act of "Macbeth," and the 3d act of "Othello;" in all of which, of course, he sustained the principal parts. He went through his undertaking with a surprising degree of energy, and preserved his strength well to the last. The same year he crossed the Atlantic, and arrived in New York in November, making his first appearance at the Anthony Street Theatre, as "Richard the Third;" and in Philadelphia in 1821, at the Walnut Street Theatre, January 8, also as "Richard;" and although Cooke had been looked upon as the *only* tragedian, yet Kean at once satisfied the audience that his vast fame had been fairly acquired.

The receipts of this night were $1,178. He was cordially greeted on his entrance. The house was very full, and never did an audience await a performance with more anxiety and interest, or appear more favorably disposed towards a new comer. There was an ardent desire to see every movement of every muscle, and to hear every sound which Kean uttered. This desire brought forth in under tones "hush, hush!" and an occasional cry of "Order, Order!" and thus was much feeling expressed. Kean's rendition of the crook-backed tyrant gave general satisfaction. The only defect observed, was the thickness and inaudibility of his voice in those passages which the dramatist intended should be sonorous. This was, however, the only defect.

With respect to the originality of conception, to the composing and discomposing the gravity of his muscles, and to his surprising the audience with those vivid ejaculations, those sudden starts, and judicious pauses, which so plentifully abound with him; there never was a performer that graced the American stage with more success.

He played for sixteen nights, and the receipts for the engagement amounted to $14 375; the smallest house he had was $400. He then visited Baltimore and Boston. On his second visit to Boston, he was announced to appear as Richard, on the 25th of May, 1821, but the house being rather poor—or not so full as he thought it ought to be, he refused to play, and the audience learning the cause of his not appearing, put after him, and he was obliged to fly from the city, to save himself from violence. He immediately left for England, and performed on the very evening of his arrival. A full house assembled on the instant; and so eager were the audience to applaud, that they wasted their kindness on some actors who were not accustomed to receive so loud a tribute to their worth. When he dashed upon the scene, the thunder of applause was tremendous. This spirit did not die away throughout the evening. At the end of the play, the returned actor was loudly called for. After some time, he appeared, and said a few words expressive of his confidence that he had done nothing since his absence unworthy of an Englishman.

In a new monthly magazine, published at this time in London, there appeared a very long article on Kean's return, from which I extract the following: "However congenial the spirit of his acting was with the sympathies of his American auditors, he found them too stubborn to yield to his personal claims, and too dull to make allowance for his foibles. They cannot understand the eccentricities of genius: they have no idea that they are indebted to a great artist, not he to them; but think that if they pay their money for the display of his powers, they have a right absolutely to command them. No men are so likely to be stern and inexorable, as those who have the largest share of personal freedom; for they are all the centres of their own worlds, arbiters of taste and morals, and taught to resent an error as an insult to the majesty of their individual nature. They are less gentle towards the erring; less imaginative, and less affectionate than those who are less proud of their simple humanity, and more accustomed to look up together to certain stately objects of reverence and of love. The sense of deep antiquity has not softened their hearts or lowered their pretensions; with them you must act by the card; equivocation will undo you. This did not Mr. Kean, and all his intense passion, all his wild grace, all his power of expressing a world of misery and of love in a few little words or bitter smiles, availed him nothing. He should have been more humble before those lords of the creation, if he would eat his meal in peace among them, and have reserved his comments till he had got their cash. But he would teach, and the Americans would not be taught. He told them they were ignorant of the dramatic art, and the truth was too galling to be borne. He conducted himself, no doubt, with bad taste, and worse policy. He tried to hoax them, but they were not to be taken in. He attempted to satirize them, but they laughed at him. He withdrew, and hastened home."

During his sojourn in America he, as is well known, erected a monument in St Paul's Churchyard, New York, in commemoration of that great actor, George Frederick Cooke, who was interred there in March, 1812; the monument bears this inscription:—

Erected to the Memory of
GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE,
by EDMUND KEAN,
of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, 1821.
Three kingdoms claim his birth,
Both hemispheres pronounce his worth.

In 1825 Kean returned to the United States, and re opened in New York, November 14th, as Richard the Third. From the comparative silence of those who could not but oppose him, and from the great pains that had been taken for weeks to pack the house, so as to assure him a favorable reception; and also from the liberal distribution of money which it was whispered had been made at groceries, to hire persons to go and applaud, it was supposed that no opposition would be shown; and that he and his friends—the Fauxes and the Fearons, who came here to pick up materials to defame the American character when they went home—would have been triumphant. The result was very different. The house was crowded from pit to the topmost gallery, but there were only two females in the first, and two in the second tier of boxes; and these were soon compelled to beat a precipitate retreat. The curtain rose, and two of the minor characters of the play appeared and commenced reciting their parts; but the confusion was too great to allow them to be heard. Kean was loudly called for, and he speedily appeared, bowed, and prepared to address the audience. The moment he appeared, however, he was assailed by such a powerful and unexpected burst of cat calls and shower of hisses, that he for a moment quailed. He attempted to obtain a hearing, but in vain. After standing upon the stage full a quarter of an hour, he was compelled to retire. He soon, however, made a second attempt, and was again driven indignantly off. An orange struck him and fell upon the stage. He picked it up and again came forward, holding it in his hand, and attempted to obtain a hearing. But it was again in vain, and he retired. A gentleman—one of his friends—then arose and attempted to speak a word for him; but nothing could be heard but "Hear him!" "Kean forever!" "Down!" "Down!" "To Bridewell with him!" "No little breeches here!" In the "Shakespeare," in a conspicuous position, stood a Mulatto, straining his voice to its utmost pitch, and bellowing "Kean! Kean!" Beside him, in the slips, was another conspicuous fellow, in a conspicuous corner, crying out:—"Hurra for the Seducer!" "Hurra for the Alderman!" says the Mulatto. "Boston!" cried the white-hatted fellow. "New York!" responded the Negro. "Boston and Mrs. Cox!" exclaimed the White Hat. "Pork and molasses!" chimed in the Black. "Put out that Nigger!" "Put out that White Hat!" were heard in various places. "Hurra for Kean!" vociferated the Black again; and the whole gallery instantly responded to their leader. The pit was, with one exception, in Kean's favor, and very soon entirely so. The dress boxes were almost unanimously his friends. The principal opposition came from the slips and second tier.

At length, the manager came forward; but although a favorite with the audience, even he could not be heard. Notwithstanding the uproar, it was decreed in the green-room, that the play should go on. And on it went—"Richard the Third" in pantomime! Not a sound from the stage could be heard, and "ever and anon each dreary pause between," a not very gentle salutation of an orange or a rotten apple greeted some part of Kean's body. Every time he made his appearance, the cries were redoubled. "Alderman Cox!" "Little Breeches!" "Literary Emporium!" "Turn the geese out!" "Out with him!" "I don't care for Cox's wife," said one; "but he, Kean, has insulted our country." "Bravo! that he has," cried another. "Down with the rioters!" "Send the Bostonians home!" At this moment a noise from without attracted attention. An immense assemblage of the populace were at the doors, and threatened to take the theatre by storm. Several of the hissers within were taken out. This was soon stopped by one resolute gentleman, who made fight. He was assailed by a dozen at once; but he laid about him with so much resolution and science, that he beat them all off—after "drawing the claret" of one, "queering" the "peeper" of another, knocking in the "ivory" of a third, and making a disagreeable "lunge" in the "bread-basket" of a fourth. When in the wooing scene with Lady Anne, a nameless missile was thrown upon the stage, with a label of "Mrs. Cox." Mr. Hilson here rushed upon the stage and carried Mrs. Hilson, the Lady Anne, behind the scenes. Mr. Simpson then appeared, and with an expression of countenance indicative of sorrow and indignation, seemed to implore the audience to act with more decorum, and display a little more respect for themselves. After a short interval, Mrs. Hilson was again led forward, and the pantomime went on. Kean became more agitated and angry. A bag of sand, with a label, struck his shoulder. His eyes flashed fire, and he trembled with rage. At last, in the dying scene, he was saluted with a shower of rotton apples. He took up one—and although dying, looked at it for a moment, "grinned a ghastly smile," and the curtain fell amidst such an uproar as was never witnessed before on this side the Atlantic. Thus ended Kean's first appearance. A bold experiment was hazarded to ensure success, the house was packed; but all would not do.

But the most ludicrous part of the affair, was the interest manifested for Kean by the blacks in the upper tier. They relished the sentiment of the play so highly, that they could not contain themselves, and their applause was vociferous. One of them who appeared as leader, thrust himself forward with a flag, and gave signals when his company was to cheer, and cry "bravo, Kean!" "Oh, massa Kean, go on!" "He debbleish sight better play den Hamlet;" "Coffee, lookee dare, how he rolls his eyes like two eggs in a soap dish!" "Hold tongue, Toney, how like mad dog he foam at de mouth!" "Take off hat, and let Miss Dinah see!" "Debble take Miss Dinah, I want to hear him stamp his foot!" On clearing the stage, after the performance, the subordinate hands of the theatre found it completely strewn with missiles of all descriptions, fragments of furniture, &c.

The next day Kean published the following card to the public:—"With oppressed feelings, heart-rending to my friends, and triumphant to my enemies, I make an appeal to that country famed for hospitality to the stranger, and mercy to the conquered. Allow me to say, whatever are my offences, I disclaim all intention of offering anything in the shape of disrespect towards the inhabitants of New York. They received me from the first with an enthusiasm, grateful *in those hours* to my pride, *in the present*, to my memory. I cannot recall to my mind any act or thought that did not prompt me to an unfeigned acknowledgement of their favors as a public, and profound admiration for the private worth of those circles, in which I had the honor of moving. That I have committed an error appears too evident from the all-decisive voice of the public, but surely it is but justice to the delinquent, whatever may be his enormities, to make reparation where the offences were committed. My misunderstanding took place in Boston—to Boston I shall assuredly go to apologise for my indiscretions. I visit this country now, under different feelings and auspices than on a former occasion. Then I was an ambitious man, and the proud representative of Shakespeare's Heroes; the spark of ambition is extinct, and I merely ask a shelter in which to close my professional and mortal career. I give the weapon into the hands of my enemies; if they are brave they will not turn it against the defenceless. EDMUND KEAN.

[Concluded in our next, with full particulars of the riot that drove Kean from Boston and Baltimore; also, his hearty reception in Philadelphia.]

WANTED TO SEE THE EDITOR.—The *St. Louis Republican* relates the following incident:—An honest-looking individual, clothed in blue jeans, slowly opened the sanctum door, gazed confusedly around, came in, and walking timidly up to our seat, inquired—"Is the Editor in?" "He is not, at present," we replied. Our friend seemed much disappointed, picked his teeth, expectorated tobacco juice, paced the floor, and again inquired—"Expect him in soon?" We replied that it was altogether impossible to determine, as we did not keep a strict watch on the Editor's movements. The blue jean visitor seemed more disappointed than ever, and remarked that he came "a purpose to see the Editor." We ventured to inquire what might be the nature of his business. He seemed reluctant to reveal it, as we were not the Editor, but by the honesty of our countenance he concluded we were trustworthy, and said:—"Wall, you see I've got a handsum hoss, and I want folks to know it; so I thought I'd *git the editor to strike me off some handbills!*"

WORTH THE LABOR.—Wooden posts or stakes driven under salt vats, owing to the preserving quality of the salt, are practically indestructible. It would be very easy to adapt this hint to the preservation of fence, garden posts, &c., as they do in Syracuse.

GOLD.—The whole amount of specie exported from San Francisco from 1st of October to 10th of November was $3,568,005 21. Of this $176,004 06 went to Hongkong, $20,000 to Honolulu. All the rest went to New York, England and Panama.

EASILY TRIED.—A woman writes to the *London Post* that common saltpeter, dissolved in the mouth, is a remedy for bronchitis, and that a half-penny's worth is sufficient for any one.

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